EUROPE '55: BRIEFING THE SUMMER TOURIST

Saturday Review

PRIL 16, 1955 / 20¢

VALTER MILLIS
N YALTA

ESTORATION BLUES
N DIXIE
y Marshall Fishwick

VHAT DOES THE
LLUSTRATOR ILLUSTRATE?
y Frank Weitenkampf

bra Kaye, prima ballerina
the Ballet Theatre.
See MID-MONTH RECORDINGS)

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SR's Library Poll

THIS week serves up another confutation of the myth that book-reading is bowing under the competitive bludgeons of TV, movies, and the cocktail party. "Battle Cry" (#1 on *SR*'s list), a last-year's novel, is obviously undergoing a face-lifting at the hands of one of the sexiest movies ever made. But evidently some of the musk shows up better on the printed page, and people are going right back to the original documentary stimulus!

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Battle Cry**
   by Leon Uris (F)*
2. ***The View from Pompey's Head***
   by Hamilton Basso (F)
3. **Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A**
   by Richard Aldrich (G)**
4. **No Time for Sergeants**
   by Mac Hyman (F)
5. **My Several Worlds**
   by Pearl Buck (G)
6. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)
7. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)
8. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
9. **Sincerely, Willis Wayde**
   by John P. Marquand (F)
10. **Treadmill to Oblivion**
    by Fred Allen (G)
11. **Gift From the Sea**
    by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (G)
12. **Bonjour Tristesse**
    by Françoise Sagan (F)
13. **My Brother's Keeper**
    by Marcia Davenport (F)
14. **The Tumult and the Shouting**
    by Grantland Rice (G)
15. **The Healer**
    by Frank G. Slaughter (F)
16. **Hadrian's Memoirs**
    by Marguerite Yourcenar (F)
17. **A Train of Powder**
    by Rebecca West (G)
18. **Pray For a Brave Heart**
    by Helen MacInness (F)
19. **R. S. V. P.**
    by Elsa Maxwell (G)
20. **The Public Philosophy**
    by Walter Lippmann (G)

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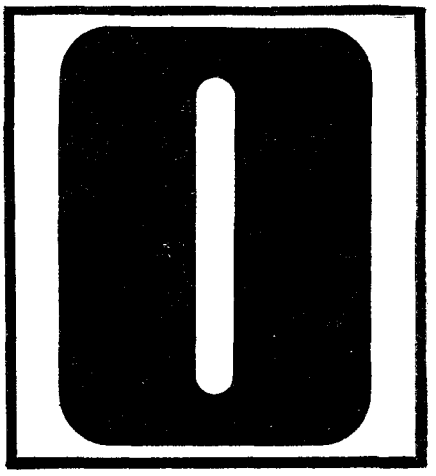
* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General



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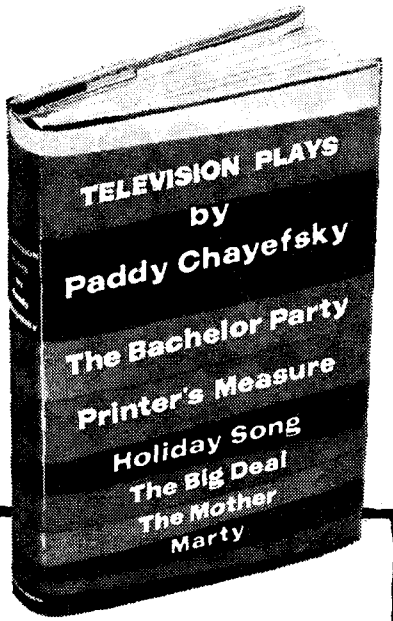

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 16, 1955

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TRADE Winds

LAN GREEN, who writes mystery sto-ies and advertising copy with equal acility, tells about three salesmen who had dined sumptuously at a Chi-ese chop-suey emporium, and were ow studying the "tell your fortune" lips of paper that are wrapped in a ertain kind of crisp little Chinese ookie. The paper in the first man's ookie read, "You are about to em-ark upon a business venture that vill net you millions." The second nan's read, "You will soon meet a empestuous red-head whom you will ake on a long journey." Then the hird man opened his little slip. This ne read, "Help! I'm trapped in a Chinese bakery!"

)NE OF THE DIMINUTIVE, flowerlike Chinese girls who run the elevators t the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Hon-lulu looked as though she needed elp, too, when she caught sight of headline in a late edition of the *Star-Bulletin*. "Crowds Cheer Crews f Jap Destroyers Visiting Pearl Har-or" it proclaimed. A photograph howed the two sleek vessels (just urned over by the U.S. Navy) with ig Japanese flags proudly waving at he stern, tied to moorings at Pearl Harbor, with smiling well-wishers ining the shore in the background. ess than a mile from the scene the usting turret of the battleship *Ari-ona* was clearly visible!

The *Arizona* was sunk, as you must emember, in the sneak attack on De-ember 7, 1941, entombing forever ver 1,000 U.S. sailors who were rapped below. Oil is still seeping rom the rotting hull, and will con-inue to do so for years to come.

"Today," sighed the little elevator irl, "it's people of Chinese extraction who draw the suspicious glances from ourists. I don't blame them. But it loes get harder from day to day to igure out just who is on your coun-ry's side and who is your enemy."

"George Orwell wrote a whole nov-l on that very subject," I assured her, and bought her a copy of the paper-back edition of "Nineteen Eighty-four."

IT SPEAKS VOLUMES FOR THE LOYALTY of the thousands of Japanese-American citizens in Hawaii that in the grim and confused days that followed the Pearl Harbor attack not a single act of espionage was proved against them in the entire territory. Indeed, their allegiance was soon taken completely for granted by local authorities—a marked contrast to the way hysterical Californians reacted to the same problem. Nor can any responsible Honolulu citizen believe that books actually are still being published—to the accompaniment of rousing cheers from the expected newspaper sources —maintaining that Franklin D. Roose-velt not only knew the Pearl Harbor attack was coming, but deliberately refrained from flashing adequate warnings.

ON NIIHAU, smallest and easternmost of the eight major Hawaiian islands, occurred a fantastic aftermath to that Pearl Harbor attack. A Jap pilot, his gas tank riddled with bullets, was forced to make a crash landing on a narrow Niihau beach. He took a posi-tion by the side of his damaged ma-chine, brandishing two pistols.

There were only two men on the island who understood Japanese. One of them (who later killed himself) could not resist offering the flier as-sistance. The other joined the group of native Hawaiians who were gradu-ally closing in on the frantic pilot. The leader of the natives was a 250-pound stalwart named Ben Kahale.

The Jap shouted a warning, and when Kahale ignored it, fired at him point-blank three times. The wound-ed Hawaiian never slackened his pace. He seized the pilot, whirled him over his head like a piece of straw, and dashed his brains out on a jagged rock. Then Kahale, disdaining the ambulance that had been rushed as

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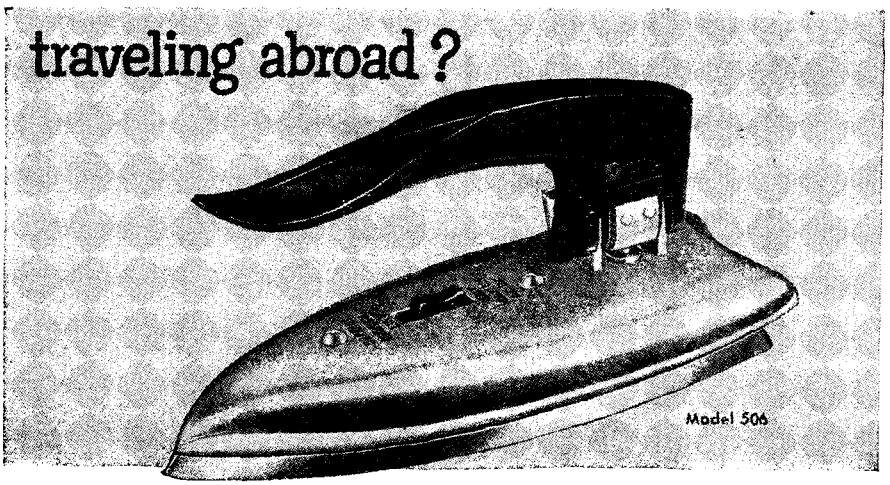

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near as possible to the scene, walke all the way to the nearest hospital– and collapsed.

Weeks later, when he was receiv ing his military decoration, the con valescent Kahale explained, "H never should have fired that thir bullet. Hawaiians get mad whe they're shot three times."

AN AIR OF MYSTERY HANGS OVER th entire island of Niihau. Twenty-eigh miles long and eight miles wide, it i owned outright by a family name Robinson, whose Scottish ancestor sailed over from New Zealand in 186 and simply moved in. Only truste employes are allowed to come nea the place. A tourist who sailed skiff over from nearby Kauai wa nearly shot for his pains and sen scurrying.

Those early Scottish emigrants al were tough-fibered. One of them— minister—caught a luckless parish ioner dozing during his sermon. H fetched the offender a resoundin clout on the noggin with his Bible exclaiming, "If ye kenna hear th words of the Lord, ye shall fee them!"

A SHORT STAY ON ONE OF THE oute islands for recuperation is mandator for the tourist exhausted by the hos pitality of Honolulu friends. Further more, it's nice, after being up to th esophagus in other tourists, to get close-up of Hawaii's two other prin cipal sources of revenue—the suga and pineapple plantations. We chos Kauai, and were not disappointed though we spent a goodly part of ou time ducking raindrops.

Kauai is the island where Englisl Captain James Cook first landed i 1778. It is also where the TRADE WIND *really* blow. When they send th clouds scuttling against the gaun mountainside, the rain comes dow in buckets. Fortunately, the sun is ou again in no time. Natives, giving di rections, often quip, "It's two rain straight ahead, then one rain to th right." We saw five magnificent rain bows in a single day.

Most colorful character on Kaua is Charley Fern, veteran newsma who edits the local sheet, out-Win chells Winchell on the radio, and dec orates every incoming VIP with home-made *lei*. For two days afte Pearl Harbor the military authoritie who had blacked out every radio sta tion in Honolulu forgot all abou Charley Fern in little Kauai. All Ha waii listened to his broadcasts of A.F dispatches until the oversight wa rectified. As a matter of fact, it wa via Fern that those defenders o Niihau knew of the doings at Pear and were able to cope with the Ja

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flier when he descended upon them.

ABOARD THE *LURLINE*, headed back for California shores, the Matson Line thoughtfully schedules a fancy-dress party so that passengers can show off the outlandish costumes they've purchased on the Islands, and mispronounce the Hawaiian words they have added fleetingly to their vocabulary. One lady had taken a fancy to the phrase *"Piko is the puka in the opu,"* was horrified to learn it means "Belly-button is the hole in the tummy." High spot in the ship's program, however, is the graduation ceremonies of the hula class. Barefooted ladies and gentlemen of all sizes and shapes, from eight to eighty, have perfected their art daily to the strains of "A Little Brown Gal in a Little Grass Skirt," and when they finally strut their stuff in public and collect their diplomas, anything can happen—especially if the boat is rocking. One well-seasoned aspirant, built more along the lines of Sophie Tucker than Dorothy Lamour, lost her balance, fell into cruise director Morris's lap, and burst into tears. She got her diploma anyhow and is probably under contract by this time to Arthur Godfrey.

ON THE SUNDECK OF the *Lurline*, the last day at sea, a lovely young lady bumped into an officer as both briskly rounded a corner. They drew back, apologized, stepped forward, and crashed again. A third try produced the same result. This time the officer gallantly doffed his cap and warned, "Just once more, miss—then I really have to go." —BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 617

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 617 will be found in the next issue.

DNGCH TQRPWNLHGA

CNG HTG NGCF

CHTGLAHA.

KCWPE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 616

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 16, 1955

RESTORATION BLUES IN DIXIE

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

Dr. Marshall Fishwick, who is associate professor of American Studies at Washington and Lee University, here advances the thesis that the air can be just too full of magnolia blossoms, and that Ole Massa and his kids had better start living in 1955 before they drown in their juleps.

IF THE South isn't careful, it's going to restore itself right out of existence.

Never have the Georgian arts and crafts, the hound and horn, and the well-juleped plantation veranda been in such demand. And don't be so sure Granddaddy was crazy when he advised you to hold on to your Confederate money. The way the collectors are shelling out for it these days, it's right in the class with the Yankee greenbacks. Dixie, in short, has got the Restoration Blues.

Why? It's a long story. But this much is obvious: just as certainly as the South lost the first Civil War (Granddaddy insisted it was the War of Secession), she won the second. In the balmy atmosphere of that second victory she basks today.

The first war was a military one. It was fought with blood and guts and shrapnel, and left us with the vision of Appomattox. The second war was a literary war. It was fought with metaphors and nostalgia and fiction, and left us with the vision of Scarlett O'Hara. Every best-seller list brings the same news from the front. The Yankees are everywhere in retreat. Inch by inch, page by Page, the glorious handsome swashbuckling Rhett Butlers have swept the field.

The great generals of the First War have not been forgotten; indeed, they have been transported to the well-manned Confederate Valhalla, and memorialized in stone along Richmond's Monument Avenue. The more tangible admiration goes, however, to the generals of the Second War; for they brought back victory instead of a proud defeat. Generals Walter Scott, Thomas Nelson Page, Margaret Mitchell, and William Faulkner succeeded where Generals Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and Longstreet failed.

Though neither a Southerner nor an American, Sir Walter Scott was a romantic, a rebel, and the most influential writer in Southern history. Mark Twain may have gone a little too far when he said that Scott caused the (first) Civil War—but not much too far. From the Waverly Novels (which sold over 5,000,000 copies between 1813 and 1823) came the Southern obsession with genealogy, knighthood, and chivalry. "It was good form," historian William E. Dodd tells us, "for Southern gentlemen to place Sir Walter Scott's novels on their library shelves and for all Southern boys and girls to read them as the great models of life and good breeding." Such Scott terms as Border Chivalry, Southron, and aristocratical were the equivalent of our bop talk in the nineteenth-century South. For decades Dixie has been suffering from the Sir Walter disease. There is no indication of improvement.

One thing led to another, and in the 1880s the South put the issue to the test. The first modern war in history was fought, a nasty bloody affair, and the Confederacy was squelched. On the battlefield, that is. In the field of ideas the South had only begun to fight.

What Southern writers have been

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doing since Appomattox is to reconstruct, through the magic of words, the American Eden. The setting is the *antebellum* plantation in springtime. Adam is Old Marse, straight and good and true. His Eve manages the Big House (which cries out for a Technicolor movie camera) and poses as a goddess in crinoline. In the Garden there is a good deal of cotton, and some corn; but there are no serpents and no apples.

THE Southerner who portrayed Eden most successfully in the late nineteenth century was Thomas Nelson Page (1853-1922). Descended from Virginia governors on both sides of his family, Page actually studied under General Lee when he became president of Washington College after the surrender. After taking up his law practice Page worked out a literary strategy that took the Northern ramparts by storm. Roughly speaking, this was it:

Take a white-haired ex-slave, yearning for "de bes' days Sam ever see," which were naturally his *antebellum* days. Have Sam describe Eden, stressing the Olympian command of Old Marse, the dash and swagger of young Marse, and the sweet perfection of the plantation ladies.

Then—de Wah.

Out with the trumpets and the Confederate flag! Off go old Marse, young Marse, and all Marses in the neighborhood to lead an army of gentlemen and poor-whites to victory against incredible odds. (A few colored retainers might even go along. If so they will be "darkies who know their place.") Everyone knew his or her place in the Old Days. That was what made it so wonderful. It was the Medieval Synthesis warmed over.

Young Marse? Dead, suh, on the field of honor. Now only Sam, young Marse's faithful dog, and a Lady-Who-Will-Never-Tell remember. "It was," Page wrote, "the purest, sweetest life ever lived."

Less pure, just as sweet, and even more compelling was Margaret Mitchell's 1936 version, "Gone With the Wind." The astounding success of the book and movie are too well known to be recounted here in detail. This fastest-selling novel in the history of American publishing not only sold 50,000 copies in one day and 1,500,000 during the first year. but has continued to sell well ever since. One can hardly go to a book store in Europe that doesn't stock it in one of the twenty translations. To most of the world Twelve Oaks *is* the American Southland.

The only rival that has sprung up in our generation is William Faulkner, who has given us a many-sided view of Eden in his mythical Yoknapatawpha County. It is the center of the surrounding countryside, and of a world. Like any point in a literary infinity, it is a place of departure equidistant from all others. But as an entity it grows out of the inner realities of Southern agrarian culture. The real heroes of this world are the Compsons and Sartorises, representing Old South values; the real villains the Snopeses, the unscrupulous newcomers who displace them. Although Faulkner's recognition (unlike Margaret Mitchell's) came very slowly, it avalanched once it got started. Now he is the darling of many different sets, from the little-magazine esthetes to the Lady's Reading Club. What does Europe think of him? The 1950 selections for the Nobel Prize answered that.

Of course, even such skilful generals as Scott, Page, Mitchell, and Faulkner could not have won the battle alone. They needed lesser officers (such as the Nashville Agrarians) and a whole army of enlisted men. Thousands of Southerners and Yankees too have "signed up." Sometimes they have had high historical motives, reasoned philosophies, enduring pride as a spur. But, more than all others, economic considerations have won them over. The Confederate pose pays off. Tourists love to visit restored gardens, tour battlefields, buy trinkets. Writers, reporters, and artists are athirst for Confederate water. More and more people want a postcard, a stamp, or a flag which will show how "different" Dixie is—just as people like Scottish souvenirs when they visit the British Isles. To be a Confederate today isn't nearly so dangerous as it was in the 1860s. It involves no risk and no bloodshed. The pose is absolutely free—and for thousands of Southerners, colored and white, it means revenue (Yankee greenbacks, redeemable at any Federal bank).

Hence, one has to smile when even so astute a visitor as Arnold Toynbee is taken in by the Confederate veneer; is "astonished to find the effects of even so great a social catastrophe persisting so starkly over so long a period." The man who understands the rise and fall of seventeen distinct civilizations can't understand why, south of the Potomac, " 'the War' still means the Civil War, though two fearful wars have since supervened." And yet don't you know that when he unpacked his American souvenirs for his family back in England one of them was a Confederate flag?

Surely, you may say, recent Southern fiction has been rugged and realistic. Decadence, violence, and ruin stalk the pages of William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell, Tennessee Williams, Carson McCullers, and Ellen Glasgow. What happened to the sweet roses? They are only transformed into *fleurs du mal*. Romantic themes are equally compelling when inverted. We like Baudelaire as well as Wordsworth, Poe as well as Lanier—and consider them all romantics. Why? Because, in the discerning patter of William Gilbert,

> There's a fascination frantic
> In a ruin that romantic.
> Do you think you are sufficiently
> decayed?

Recent Southern novels are sufficiently decayed. Instead of Young

(*Continued on page* 54)

"Do you plan to write your poem before or after lunch?"

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Jacket design by W. A. Dwiggins for "I Too, Nicodemus"—"illustration is an important specialty in art."

What Does the Illustrator Illustrate?

By FRANK WEITENKAMPF

IN THESE days of photo-process and "visual instruction"—a veritable Visual Age—illustrated books and periodicals are everywhere. Has their prevalence brought about a general improvement of the standards of illustration, or is that form of art treated too lightly in most quarters? That question faces publishers, art directors, and artists—and the public, or at least part of it. It also raises the other question: What is really the essential nature of the illustrator's job?

Pretty pictures that catch and please the eye (as, for instance, in not a few children's books); clever technique that may draw the mind away from the most significant function of illustration; an artist's striving for "self-expression"—such things are tempting but they are not the ultimate basis of good illustration. Nor is the effort to be different, so often limited to tricks of technique, and so often productive of copycat work.

Illustration is an important specialty in art, a serious undertaking (even when done in a humorous vein) calling for the artist's best effort. Technique, no matter how brilliant, is of course just a means to an end. Yet there have been, and are, artists whose individual manner of working and personal style, applied to various illustrating problems, serve as a substitute, wholly or in part, for sympathetic understanding of the author's text. But this last is the greatest part of the illustrator's duty—and opportunity. Self-expression, about which we hear much, cannot alone foot the bill. The urge in that direction is not altogether a new story. Long ago Trollope, in his "Autobiography," wrote: "An artist will frequently dislike to subordinate his ideas to those of the author, and will sometimes be too idle to find out what those ideas are."

The artist's right to complete liberty has been asserted with some vigor, if not vehemence. But when that puts him quite on his own, like

By Howard Pyle for "The Clever Student."

Edy Legrand in "Pentatoli" (1931). the result may frequently be pictures that might well, and better, appear separately as a portfolio of prints. In illustration the artist expresses himself by the way in which he walks arm-in-arm with the author, does teamwork, lets his mind respond to the text that he is supposed to illustrate, puts facts and ideas into visability, even comments, as Menzel did in his drawings for the writings of Frederick the Great. Does that imply restrictions? What art has not its restrictions, its limits, as well as its possibilities? Was it Goethe who said that it is only within limits that true mastery is evidenced?

There are so many examples of the possibilities, the freedom, with which the indicated purpose in illustration can be carried out. Think of artists as different in style and attitude as the Frenchman Daumier ("Némésis Médicale"), the German Menzel, the Dane Tegner, or our own Howard Pyle. A. B. Frost, W. T. Smedley, and A. I. Keller. All working in a realistic vein, all using brains as well as hands in harmony with the author, yet each quite individual not only in style but in approach to his task. There are plenty more such contrasts; one may turn, for example, from the factual to the fantasy, the "spiritual vision" of William Blake and the sophisticated decorativeness of Aubrey Beardsley. Both of the nineteenth century, which

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is full of such significant variety in book illustration as in other fields.

Cooperation of brain and hand, not always seen in full operation, is indispensable for any results worth while. "The operations of art," said John LaFarge, "are largely intellectual." That quality appears in LaFarge's own illustrations, of which Royal Cortissoz wrote that he, "steeping himself in reflection, brought all manner of constructive thought to the development of his work."

THE fitness of a particular artist is a matter of an importance that should be more obvious than it seems to be. Russell Lynes, in *Harper's* magazine for April 1954, points out that Tenniel's drawings for "Alice in Wonderland" "are so absolutely right for the text that they have become inseparable from it in most people's minds. There is no better proof of that than the failures that many publishers have encountered in trying to present up-to-date versions of 'Alice'." But choice of an illustrator is not always so happy. Judgment and discrimination may be dulled when, for instance, an artist's success in some special line leads a publisher or his art director to engage him for a task with which his spirit is not in full accord. There have been illustrators of robust versatility, such as Darley, who tackled Cooper and Dickens with equal effectiveness. But one may feel a bit of doubt when Vassos is seen linked to Gray ("Elegy"), Slevogt to Cooper, Marie Laurencin to "Alice in Wonderland," Alexander King to Dostoievsky, Reginald Marsh to Dreiser or Defoe, Covarrubias to Captain Canot. There's nothing derogatory in this to the artists, all able and more; the question is simply: did they quite fit in where they were put in these particular cases? In some instances the fine qualities shown elsewhere thin out into a perfunctoriness showing but a weak response to the author's intent. Well, in this matter there may conceivably be those who even hesitate to accept entirely Goethe's praise of the Delacroix lithographs for "Faust," or who may quite more readily find that Cruikshank served Dickens poorly in the illustrations to "Oliver Twist."

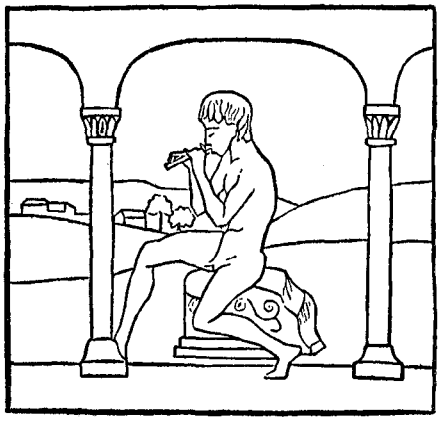
"Un Avocat Plaidant," by Daumier.

So much for illustrator and author. There remains one more factor to which various artists, abroad and here, have given much attention—consideration of the page on which the drawing is to appear, its size, paper, margin, type. The matter of harmony between illustrations and type may have been sometimes overstressed, but to ignore it altogether is even worse. Here too it has been objected that the artist is hampered, his expression limited. So? Did not Aristide Maillol, for instance, while giving full attention to the appearance of the page in Virgil's "Eclogues" (1926), find plenty of opportunity to display his strong personality? Or look at the work of some of our own artists, E. A. Wilson, or illustrator-book-planners such as Dwiggins.

The book as a physical whole is after all the product of the combined activity of printer, papermaker, illustrator, binder. And so we have come to book design, in which some of our own illustrators have played a significant part: Rockwell Kent, W. A. Dwiggins, Rudolph Ruzicka, T. M. Cleland, W. D. Teague. In their efforts is expressed the spirit of understanding cooperation which infuses all good illustration.

If the principles here intimated are applied to the study of the printed illustrated book—there are five centuries of it—it should become clear that it's not so much a matter of what's old or new (old-hat or up-to-date, if you prefer), as of what is good. The good you may find in work of other times and in that of today; the poor is equally in evidence at all times, and is unfortunately not always recognized as such. No period has a monopoly of excellence.

Perhaps in our day of many claims on our attention some of us are apt to have facile enthusiasms, to cultivate leniency rather than discrimination, tolerating, if not coddling, the half-baked talent. Illustrators cannot all be top-notchers, but we may at least ask that they have had proper training and are willing and able to use their brains. We have in our land many good, even excellent, examples of illustration. Why put up with poor stuff, with illustrations that add nothing to the text or are not even called for by it—with pictorial aids that are based on the most infantile form of the comic strip?



By Maillol for "Virgil's Eclogues."

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TELEVISION

He Celebrates the Bronx

"Television Plays by Paddy Chayefsky" *(Simon & Schuster. 268 pp. $3.75), brings together between book covers the text of six dramas by one of the ablest writers now dedicated to the television medium. Below it is reviewed by J. P. Shanley, radio-television editor of* The New York Times

By J. P. Shanley

PADDY CHAYEFSKY, one of the foremost playwrights working in the fast-developing television medium, believes in writing about people he understands. Most of them are middle-class residents of neighborhoods corresponding closely to the section of the Bronx in which he was raised.

When he sets out to create a play about these people Mr. Chayefsky proceeds on the premise that television, "the scorned stepchild of drama, may be the basic theatre of our century." The quotation is from comments on his plays that the author has written for a just-published collection of six of his plays. These postscripts are incisive and stimulating. For sensitive playwrights seeking guidance in preparing scripts for video Mr. Chayefsky's observations should be illuminating and heartening.

In his foreword he says that he never has written a television script of which he was not at least partially proud. He wants to continue writing for the medium as long as he is able. Later in the book he returns to the same theme and gives reasons why he feels the way he does about video as a dramatic showcase. He admits the existence of taboos and the cheapening influence of untalented and officious people.

But he contends that in this age of "savage introspection" television should be the means of exposing our new insights into ourselves. The stage is too weighty and the films too intense to deal with what Mr. Chayefsky calls "the mundane and all its obscured ramifications." He declares: "More and more, the television writers are turning away from the slapdash activity of the violence show and turning to the needlelike perception of human relationships. Television need not be a demeaning sequence of panel shows and horror, of cooking classes and family-situation comedies. You can write honest, dramatic literature for television, rewarding to your sense of pride."

"MARTY," the most widely acclaimed of Mr. Chayefsky's television dramas, is one of the plays published in this book. Since its presentation on video, this story of a thirty-six-year-old Bronx butcher's desire for love and understanding has been made into a movie, which is to be released nationally this month.

It is in "Marty" that a deceptively simple Chayefsky technique is best illustrated. The author says that in constructing it he tried to write the dialogue "as if it had been wiretapped." The authentic conversation that results is brilliant.

In creating "Marty" Chayefsky thought he was creating a comedy. He was surprised at reactions from viewers who said that it had made them weep. Their tears were induced by characters who were not of heroic stature. They were responsible for no extraordinary achievements. The central figure was an amiable butcher who has been tormented for years by his inability to meet a decent girl who could return his affection and share his interests. The girl, when she arrived, was so plain-looking that Marty's friends called her a "dog." His mother, who had been encouraging him to find a wife, was resentful of the girl to whom he was attracted.

Basically the story line seems maudlin and uninspired. But Chayefsky knew characters just like those that he presented in the play. His

THE AUTHOR: Paddy Chayefsky, a powerfully built, exceptionally able television playwright, whose subjects are as authentically Bronx as a rush-hour subway bound for the Grand Concourse, has, at thirty-two, won a reputation as one of TV's best ads. The other day Chayefsky, after a hurried stop at NBC, chugged into Lindy's restaurant and, faster than a man could order a plate of blintzes, was surrounded by admirers. "Great movie!," exclaimed an exclamation-mark admirer. "'Marty'! Terrific! Better than on TV!" "How you doing, Marty?" a CBS admirer inquired conspiratorially. "Who knows?" said Chayefsky. "*At CBS you'd know*," he whispered in italics. Things went like that all through lunch, people mussing his hair, pounding his back, and, in a variety of bruising ways, making it apparent that they agreed with, among others, Jack Gould of *The New York Times* ("disciplined appreciation of reality"), John Crosby ("television's best writer"), and *Variety* ("makes a habit of writing for TV as if he had invented the medium"). Chayefsky, who was known as Sidney to his Bronx pals before an Army lieutenant nicknamed him Paddy, which stuck, has been writing seriously ever since he took the late Professor Teddy Goodman's English 12, which to CCNY was roughly what Professor George Pierce Baker's 47 Workshop was to Harvard. That was in 1942. Since the war he has worked on several films, written two as yet unproduced plays, and, all in all, has gone a long way between 1951 ("I'm a legit playwright—God, who wants to write for TV") to 1955 ("I hope to continue writing for the medium as long as I can"). His scripts are like pages torn from a calendar, full of the aches and laughs of everyday life. As *Cue* once put it: "He's been responsible for more flooded living-rooms than the Ohio River." "Doing a TV show is a lot of fun," he says, "but it's on and it's off. When this book came out the first thing I did was clear off a bookshelf, then put back Chekhov, Shaw, Miller, Williams, Hellman—and 'Television Plays by Paddy Chayefsky'." —BERNARD KALB.

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knowledge of them—and this is the key to his effectiveness—is not superficial. If it were, he would have been writing soap opera or nothing at all. It is his deep perception of the instincts, the conflicts, and the emotions of real people that distinguishes his work. It is this quality that makes so many who view his work on a screen weep, even when the situations that have stirred them have none of the elements of high tragedy.

The dramatist has analyzed "Marty" together with another of his plays, "The Mother," in a single section of the book's commentaries. He says that this was done because "each represents in its own way the sort of material that does best on television." In "The Mother" he has told a story of an elderly woman who seeks work in a Manhattan sweatshop rather than be dependent on a married daughter for a home.

It is unfortunate that an unbecomingly stilted philosophy is expressed by the author in his discussion of "Marty." He says that in the play he "ventured lightly into such values as the Oedipal relationship, the reversion to adolescence by many 'normal' Americans, and the latent homosexuality of the middle class." Profundities of this kind have not been characteristic of Mr. Chayefsky's writing.

He points out that no "purposeful study" of these matters was made in "Marty." But it is not reassuring to find him expressing the belief that "the latent homosexuality in the 'normal' American male" might be the theme of an excellent story that could be faithfully presented only on television.

IT IS believed that it would be a serious mistake for Mr. Chayefsky to attempt to turn to so specialized a theme. He would be moving from an area in which he has demonstrated remarkable talent—the ability to convey a perceptive understanding of rather ordinary people—to an alien realm. The depth of the subject might cause him to struggle and founder.

The other plays published in the new collection are: "The Bachelor Party," "Printer's Measure," "Holiday Song," and "The Big Deal." They are concerned, respectively, with a young husband troubled by his growing responsibilities; an old compositor with deep pride in his craft; a cantor who has lost his faith, and a frustrated man who has never found the easy money that he has sought.

Mr. Chayefsky does not spare himself in his analyses. "Holiday Song," an adaptation, was, he says, "the first hour television show I wrote and it

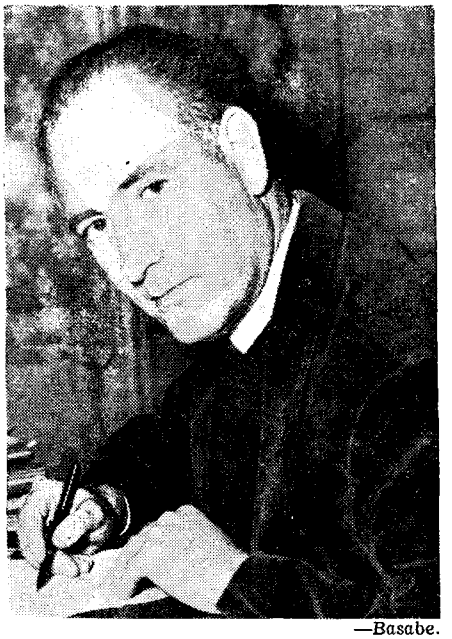
(*Continued on page* 56)

FICTION

Spain in Chaos

"The Cypresses Believe in God," by José María Gironella *(translated by Harriet de Onis. Alfred A. Knopf. Two vols., 1,010 pp. $10), depicts life in a small Spanish city before the Civil War as seen through the eyes of a fourteen-year-old boy.*

By Thomas G. Bergin



—Basabe.

José María Gironella—"objectivity."

IN THE northeastern corner of Spain, not far from the French border and in sight of the sea, lies the small city of Gerona. It has the landmarks of all small Spanish cities: the bullring, the half-dozen cafes each with its own clientele, the cathedral, the garrison, the branch bank, and the brothel and, being in Catalonia, it has other characteristics as well: a tradition of industry, a pride in its regional inheritance, including its language, and more contact with the cultural currents of the world than a town, say, in Castile or Estremadura. José María Gironella, in "The Cypresses Believe in God," certainly the best novel to come out of Spain in many a year, sets all Gerona before us in its period of crisis in the years just preceding the Spanish Civil War, and, being himself a Catalan, his painting is done with love and patience; being Spanish, he makes the town live primarily by concentration on the personalities and vicissitudes of the individuals who compose the citizenry.

We see most of the action through the eyes of Ignacio Alvear who is fourteen (about the age of Gironella) as the novel begins. Like everyone else in the town, Ignacio is unique and part of his uniqueness lies in his inheritance. His father, Matías Alvear, is a telegraph operator by trade, a *madrileño* by birth, a "true Republican"—he will later go so far as to vote for the Popular Front—and a man of good will, God-fearing (for his wife has long since brought him back from his youthful error), but troubled by the Pope's blessing of Mussolini's tanks. Ignacio's mother is a Basque, and a genuine Spanish woman, devoted to her family, fiercely loyal to the Church (she will vote as her priest tells her), and of such sincere charity as to make her fanaticism forgivable. Ignacio's younger brother is a saint destined to meet a martyr's death; his sister, a light-hearted girl with a streak of mischief. The story, given this core of characters and the setting, all but writes itself, for the normal life patterns of each member of the family will take us into the various little worlds of the workers, the clergy, and the bourgeoisie, and inevitably, considering the years the tale spans, into the maelstrom of the political conflicts that raged so hotly and so openly before Franco and Mussolini put an end at once to dissension and freedom. Incidentally, while the atrocities of the revolutionary parties are dwelt on at length—how could it be otherwise in a book published in Spain today?—the perceptive reader will be impressed by the objectivity of the author's attitude.

THERE is a lot of history in this novel, perhaps indeed too much for the American reader, who can hardly be expected to remember after twenty years (if indeed he ever knew) the significance of the CEDA, the FAI, or the UGT, or why a bourgeois Catalan might vote for the Left and an impoverished Navarro for the Right. (As for the cabalistic letters, there is fortunately a little glossary appended to the novel, as well as a foreword warning the reader that things are not always what they seem in Spain.) Yet it must be added that the political attitudes are so dramatically incarnate in the characters of the tale that at no

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time does the historical element become arid or detached from the humanity of the story. Both story and history are unfolded gradually in a wealth of detail and by episode and conversation as much as exposition: it is too rich a plot and too complicated a period of history to be summarized here; the key figure of the design is always Ignacio, seen by one of the characters as a symbol of "the two Spains," the struggling, rational Spain, open to European influences, and the irrational fanatical Spain, which looks only to the past—or to eternity. But Ignacio is first of all a human being and only secondarily a symbol; some of us may regret that his direction is toward the Falange but we can see why for him, being Ignacio, it must be so, just as we can see why his cousin José—an engaging figure in his own right—is quite at home with anarchism.

Space permits merely mention of other beauties of this imposing work: the description of local customs, the unforgettable climax of horror when the "Anti-Fascist Committee" runs wild, the unpretentious but effective prose (admirably translated), and the sense of participation which the author's skill gives to the reader. This is a large work but it is said to be only the first part of a trilogy. Lovers both of Spain and of good writing will wish the work success and hope that the publishers will be encouraged to give us more of Gironella.

Bright Beam in a Dark Land

"Behind the Mirror," by Robin Maugham *(Harcourt, Brace. 182 pp. $3), describes the visit of a young British film-maker to Tanganyika to unravel the mystery surrounding a once great literary figure living there.*

By Al Hine

ROBIN MAUGHAM'S latest novel, "Behind the Mirror," is about film-making and Africa, and there ends its resemblance to Peter Viertel's "White Hunter, Black Heart." It is also about a young man sent to unravel a mystery in the past of an elder literary figure, and there ends its resemblance to "The View from Pompey's Head." "Behind the Mirror" is Mr. Maugham's own, his own form, the short, compact, yet never hasty novel that throws a bright beam of light on human relations and leaves the reader wiser and possibly a little troubled. (See his masterly first novel, "The Servant," and his second, less successful yet still impressive "Line on Ginger.")

A British film company is planning to do a biopic on a famous actress of the 1920s. Paramount to the interest of the story is her last, romantic, tragic affair with Norman Hartleigh, a brilliant diplomat and successful playwright. All that is lacking before cameras can roll is Hartleigh's permission, and to get this the film writer (the one member of the production unit who may most easily be spared for wild-goose chasing) is sent to Tanganyika, where Hartleigh lives in enigmatic retirement. What film writer David Brent, the narrator, uncovers is a jumbled and human unpleasantness of stale scandal hinting at homosexuality, present conflict involving innocent lust and more knowing sadism, and the kernel of a Stoic philosophy adapted to the modern age.

The story is exciting and compelling of itself. There is an easy belief in the principal characters and their troubles, and a sure sense of scene (Mr. Maugham is himself a film writer) that lets the reader see and smell and feel the Africa which is the setting of the major portion of the book.

BUT there is much more than this. Like "The Servant," this is one of those small books that says a lot more than many bulkier volumes, and further says things that may stick longer in the mind. Mr. Maugham, like his famous uncle, W. Somerset, is not a man to point bald morals—his ending is a jolting and provocative surprise from all that has gone before—but there is meat for thought on almost every page, thought about movie-making, thought about Africa, about fame, but most of all thought about the longest war of man versus man. Two quotations may serve to illumine this quality.

The first, from the narrator: "Neighbors of minor Belsens, we stroll through our parish streets, heedless of what goes on in our prison barracks because they are out of sight and we cannot hear the screams . . . if we were less tolerant of cruelty and more tolerant of illicit love the world might be a happier place."

The second, from the lips of Norman Hartleigh, the retired and displaced diplomat: "The man won't exert himself in small things because he despises them. But he will run a great risk. And at times of danger he will be reckless of his life."

—Jacket by Arthur Hawkins for "Behind the Mirror."

". . . the longest war of man versus man."

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Sin by the Sea

"Mardios Beach," by Oakley Hall *(Viking Press. 282 pp. $3.50), is a tale of jealousy, alcohol, and animal revenge among the well-to-do of a California coast town.*

By Harrison Smith

TWO years ago Oakley Hall's long and disturbing California novel, "Corpus of Joe Bailey," revealed a remarkable talent for dramatizing the dilemmas of the young men, the children of the Depression, who had been sent to war and had returned to seek love and some measure of security and faith in the future. It was a disturbing book in which uncertainty, sexual immorality, and alcohol led to despair or ended in regeneration. It was not a denial of the value of the American way of life, but an affirmation of its opportunities.

Mr. Hall's new novel, "Mardios Beach," is concerned with the same theme, though its principal characters are mature people. It is half the length of its predecessor, and has only five major characters; consequently, it is more intense, and it has a definite and highly dramatic plot which toward the end plunges into inevitable melodrama.

"Mardios Beach" is the story of a brutal, ruthless, sexually attractive, self-made man, his pathetic wife, and the able woman who had been for many years his occasional mistress. Bill Gregory, in the good American tradition, came out of nowhere, and by the time he was forty owned a dozen second-hand car lots and was involved in other enterprises. He had lost his only chance for mental security when Hattie Rankin, who had once cared for him, refused to marry him.

She had been drawn to him by his single-minded devotion to wealth, for she had also come from a poor family. With her own talent for design and the aid of the money he had loaned her she had developed a profitable chain of fashionable dress stores. Hattie had a son, Keith, who had been sent away to school and then to his first year in the University of California. When the story begins Keith is nineteen, an ardent, sensitive, intelligent youth devoted to his handsome mother. When he discovers that the gross man who seemed to be always hanging around their house and whom he had always disliked had been his mother's lover, a chain reaction begins that culminates in the final tragedy.

In an attempt to hurt the man he hated Keith tells Bill that his wife, Bea, is spending the night with a male neighbor. The jealous Bill gives her a frightful beating; she flees to the neighbor again, and the next night he breaks into the house with hired deputies and photographs the half-naked and wounded woman. In the end his little stepson is killed in an accident for which he was responsible. This is not, however, the end of Bill Gregory. When the orgy of alcoholic cruelty has ended he goes about his business of selling more cars in bigger lots. "It was enough; that was all there was!"

The theme of this violent novel is too apparent for comment. It is obvious that love cannot be bought, that the rich man swollen with greed cannot go through the eye of a needle, and that selfishness is a corroding and destructive sin. There have been many great novels founded on themes which can be expressed in these simple terms.

—Jacket by Arnold, for "Mardios Beach."

". . . love cannot be bought."

Notes

THE PIMPLY YEARS: In the last ten years or so we have moved backwards, chronologically, from the more or less autobiographical Sensitive Young Man novel of the Twenties and the Thirties to the Sensitive Adolescent ditto. Out of this formula have come books as good as Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye," but as one reads more and more of them, such as James Whitfield Ellison's **"I'm Owen Harrison Harding"** (Doubleday, $3.50), the formula grows monotonous. The hero in this type of novel is about sixteen and is at odds with all adults. He is unathletic, very poor in his studies. His parents are unsatisfactory or dying or dead. (In "I'm Owen Harrison Harding's" particular case the father is a drunken semi-failure, the mother dies in mid-passage.) The hero swears, but otherwise he can hardly speak English. He smokes and drinks. He doesn't really like anyone—or, if he has a sister, he is devoted to her. He is a repulsive, self-centered cub.

Despite himself, however, the hero does remarkably well in English, and from time to time in other matters he shows flashes of sensitivity and outright intellect. He is not really stupid or sullen, but he has been forced into acting that way by the unhappiness of his private life and because all adults fail to understand him. There is something fine underneath. We are getting, in fact, a Portrait of the Artist as a Young Lout. He is, of course, curious about sex. At one point he almost has a sordid sexual experience, but just doesn't. At this he is enormously relieved, and we are shown that at heart he is pure and an idealist. Near the end of the book when, if you have not already read too many of these works, you are about ready to give him up to disaster, the author throws you a life-line. The boy may straighten out his relations with his parents, he may get next to a fine girl, he begins to find himself. You see that he is going to become a Man and an Artist, and that in due course he will write a book about The Pimply Years.

There are exceptions to this formula: two fine ones are James Agee's "Morning Watch" and William Maxwell's "The Folded Leaf." "I'm Owen Harrison Harding" is no exception. There is nothing the matter with this book. It is, in fact, a good book, and its author should be welcomed to the family of coming novelists. I wish I could come right out and praise Mr. Ellison's first effort, but I've read it too many times before.

—OLIVER LAFARGE.

CAPTAIN'S DILEMMA: The psychological problem of Edouard Peisson's **"The Liner"** (W. W. Norton, $3.50) is this: Was Captain Godde justified in leaving his course to assist a freighter when he himself had so many passengers on board? "The Liner" takes us back before World War I. In February 1914 the *Canope,* a three-funneled liner owned by a French transatlantic company is lost in mid-Atlantic. The *Canope* is what is known as "cranky." But she takes on 800

(*Continued on page* 38)

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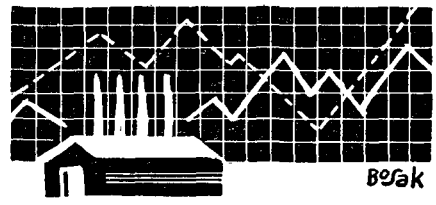
BUSINESS

Profit from the Past



"The Great Crash—1929," by John Kenneth Galbraith *(Houghton Mifflin. 212 pp. $3), is a noted economist's account of an event that helped shape the life of every American now alive. Here it is reviewed by George Soule, author of "Economic Forces in American History" and other books.*

By George Soule

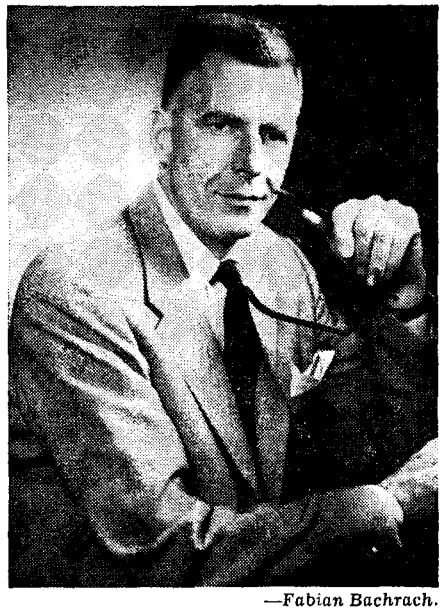
WHEN John Kenneth Galbraith, Harvard professor of economics, testified recently before a Senatorial committee, he told Senator Fulbright that it might be just as well if the Federal Reserve would use its power to impose further restrictions on bank loans to stock-market speculators. Apparently in punishment for this hint that the market might get out of hand, Senator Capehart soon charged him with harboring subversive sentiments. It is unfortunate that the indignant Senator had not had a chance to read "The Great Crash" before he made this accusation. The catastrophe of 1929 surely has no more memorable lesson than that the American economy might indeed be endangered if large numbers of citizens should again come to cherish the belief that the market could never fall.

Professor Galbraith is the author also of "American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power," which offers the interesting suggestion that a substitute for the supposedly self-regulating but rapidly vanishing regime of competition among small units may be found in the struggle for place and power among large bargaining groups. He is an economist fertile in ideas, who is not afraid of losing his prestige by writing so that non-specialists may both understand and enjoy his less technical works. In this respect at least he stands solidly in the tradition of the greater economists who have used the English language, from Adam Smith to John Maynard Keynes or Wesley Clair Mitchell.

Others have told the 1929 story, but it is by way of becoming a folk saga that bears retelling, at least on a new occasion when it may be relevant. Galbraith does it, not as a technical analyst, but as a chronicler—well informed about the economic facts, to be sure—but full of humor, irony, and a sense of history. The period is a fantastically rich source for anyone interested in the vagaries of human beings. As the author comments, it is strange that more writers of fiction have not made use of the material. Perhaps the reason is that they have despaired of creating an effect comparable with that of the unembellished record.

The Federal Reserve Board, the Treasury, or any other responsible spokesman could have squelched the market boom of the late 1920s, Galbraith thinks, by a timely warning. They knew the danger, but were afraid of being blamed for the drop in values that would have followed speaking out. Unambiguous words rather than drastic action like a general tightening of credit would have sufficed, because the speculative frenzy rather than the mere access to funds was what carried stock prices up. Galbraith disagrees with a prevailing opinion that low interest rates adopted in 1927 set off the explosion—money has been cheap at many other times without triggering a mushroom cloud.

Nothing could be better—with minor exceptions—than his account of the fabulous stratagems used by insiders to make equally fabulous profits while the market was rising, and to stay its fall. This tragi-comedy verges on the incredible as well as sometimes on the farcical—as when, during the debacle, investment trust managers who had blown up their iridescent bubbles with little but wind actually helped to deflate them again by buying in their own worthless and plummeting securities in a vain effort to sustain the market.



—Fabian Bachrach.

John Kenneth Galbraith—"humor, irony."

THE book contributes a nice new word to the language—"bezzle." Embezzlement increases, the author suspects, during prosperity, when those who have custody of others' money need more money with which to make money, but frequently the fraud is not discovered until bad times make it impossible to restore what was "borrowed." The volume of undiscovered thefts at any one time clearly needs a name, and what better name than "the bezzle"? Equally ingenious is his appellation for the frequent and apparently satisfying rite of a business meeting in which no business is transacted—the "no-business meeting."

Everyone who has studied the period has his own ideas about the relationship between the market boom and the business cycle; there can be little certainty about such things, as Galbraith recognizes. In the main I agree with his tentative analysis, though elsewhere I have outlined a position which places a somewhat different emphasis on the events.

By 1926 the business cycle had reached a peak; in my opinion the dip of 1927 might have marked the beginning of a more serious but not fatal slide, if it had not been for the credit-financed profits in stock trading, and the revival of speculative commercial building (housing construction retreated steadily after 1926). Automobile sales, depending largely on instalment credit, had apparently reached a temporary saturation point by 1927, but were restored by spending of speculative gains in 1928 and 1929.

Galbraith does not, according to my taste, lay enough stress on the end of the upswing of the long building cycle, or on the shaky market for cars and other durable goods. The subsequently frozen assets consisting of mortgages on property unsalable at anywhere near enough to redeem the debt, and often unsalable at all, was surely one of the important influences in deepening and prolonging the depression in the 1930s.

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Tariff and Trade Troubles

"The Revolution in World Trade," by Samuel Lubell *(Harper. 143 pp. $2.50), is a discussion of the forces at work in international commerce today, with special emphasis on American tariff policy. Charles P. Taft, the Cincinnati lawyer who reviews it here, is a leader in the movement for lower tariffs as president of the Committee for a National Trade Policy.*

By Charles P. Taft

SAMUEL LUBELL is our best national-election analyst. He doesn't do it with mirrors, like some of our election prophets, but by solid research on trends in key counties and even precincts, from coast to coast, and by intelligent generalizations.

In his new book, "The Revolution in World Trade," he has left his shoemaker's last and has produced an unexpected combination of cold-war policy (test the Soviet's good faith by the ratio of "Butter Over Guns") with a discussion of tariffs and convertibility of currencies, in U.S. Government trade programs. While trade policy is important in the cold war, the connection between the two themes is not made clear enough. Some repetition adds to the resulting confusion.

Since this book is being promoted by the American Tariff League, I must confess possible bias in view of my own position in the controversy. I am surprised that the League should promote a book which advocates a two- or three-year tariff truce, but it is evidently because Mr. Lubell seems to feel in repeated reference that the troubles of our trade policy are entirely due to the low-tariff advocates.

"Lowering tariffs," he writes, "is advertised as a magic cure-all for all the world's economic ills. . . . This distorted emphasis is a major source of allied ill-will and confusion. . . . This serves foreign countries as an excuse for blaming their troubles on the United States. . . . Current agitation over the American tariff is a major obstacle to formulating an effective foreign economic policy."

As J. K. Galbraith has remarked, "Lower tariffs and more liberal trade, though not the whole of foreign economic policy, are unmistakably a useful and necessary part." Important chemical tariffs are considerably above the average of American tariffs, and are in contrast with Canadian tariffs, for instance, on the same items. There are over 500 items out of eight thousand in the Smoot-Hawley classification which are over 50 per cent ad valorem equivalent.

On the other hand, Mr. Lubell except for two brief references shows no consciousness of the unquestionable fact that the current drive by the chemical, electrical, machine-tool, textile, and coal industries against HR1 is the greatest pressure operation on Congressmen and Senators in the memory of the oldest observers on Capitol Hill. I directed the Government's successful presentation of the renewal with 50 per cent increased authority in 1945; that was tough enough, but it was child's play compared to what is going on now. If the tariff is so unimportant and so low why the fuss and expenditure of funds?

It could be agreed that the U.S. tariff may not be as great a restriction of imports into the United States as customs red tape (classification and valuation), but Mr. Lubell does not even mention this barrier, or mention the vigor with which the synthetic organic chemical industry fights any reform.

Neither does Mr. Lubell seem to be conscious of the necessity for constant vigilance to prevent increased tariffs. This would begin with restrictions on foreign trout (passed both houses in 1954—vetoed) or increases in hardboard (masonite) tariffs concealed as a reclassification (passed House 1954—referred by Senate Finance Committee to the Tariff Commission). It would end in a log-rolling flood, unless there were an affirmative push in the other direction. In tariff matters you can't stand still.

This tariff discussion fills about half of Lubell's book. One-third of the book is an important explanation about the major obstruction to our exports abroad, foreign-currency restrictions caused by failure to balance exports and imports. Lubell is sound in his emphasis upon the necessity for greater productivity and greater gumption in Great Britain and the Continental countries and a greater competitive effort. He is entirely too sure that these countries have nothing to sell which we want. He is also entirely too sanguine about the immediate possibility of convertibility of currencies and too pessimistic about the inevitable continuance of the pattern of integrated blocs even if we get convertibility.

As for the prospects and possibility of convertibility, Britain has a reserve for the entire sterling trading area of $4½ billions in gold, which is for the largest trading area in the world; it cannot take chances when it takes off restrictions. It cannot afford to fail again as it did in 1947, and we can't afford to let it.

Mr. Lubell's slap at the International Monetary Fund is gratuitous; his statement that we have made no progress toward convertibility since it was set up in 1945-1946 is untrue. Currency restrictions affected 100 per cent of our trade in 1946, and today are less than 50 per cent of our exports.

THESE currency restrictions are used by foreign protectionists, and even if Mr. Lubell is right about the actual effects of our tariffs, for bargaining purposes with people whom he asserts put too much blame upon them they are very useful articles of reciprocal negotiation.

While Mr. Lubell decries slogans by the low-tariff advocates (("say goodbye to all slogans and hello to the facts"), he has coined a good slogan himself in "Butter Over Guns," which has been given such a good and deserved plug in the Scripps-Howard newspapers and in Congress. It is evidently good propaganda to compare the proportion of Government expenditures for war materials and equipment with expenditures for peacetime construction and consumer uses. The enraged outburst in Moscow at Lubell's proposals is very convincing—and satisfying.

I can only wish that Mr. Lubell will undertake something in the field of international trade, which is right down his alley. Twenty years ago Professor Elmer E. Schattsschneider of Wesleyan University did a book ("Politics, Pressures, and the Tariff") which analyzed the sources and character of the forces in our political and business life that produced the Smoot-Hartley Act. If Mr. Lubell does this he will go back and revise half his book quite substantially.

Notes

FACTS OF OUR CAPITALIST LIFE: George Soule has turned his commendable talents as a popularizer of economics to the streamlining of the voluminous Twentieth Century Fund survey, "Employment and Wages in the United States," by W. S. Woytinsky, published last year. Mr. Soule's version is entitled **"Men, Wages, and Employment in the Modern U. S. Economy"**

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(Mentor Books: paperbound 35¢). Like most texts that attempt sweeping surveys in condensed format, it offers the advantages of viewing a part of our vital economic structure in perspective.

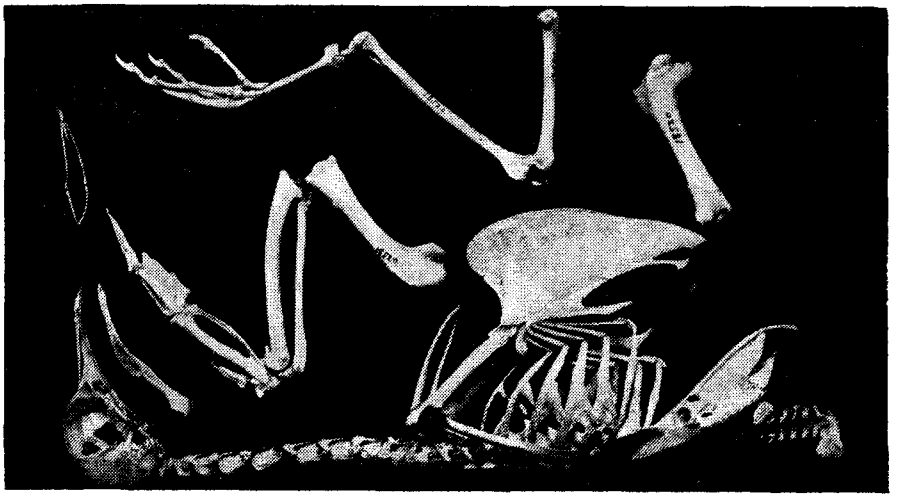
On the debit side, many basic issues suffer because of brevity and oversimplification. For instance, the question of "guaranteed annual wages" is squeezed into two sentences. Since here is a question which affects a great number of people, both labor and management, and has aroused the curiosity of others, a glossed-over treatment results in misleading by omission. At the bargaining table the "guaranteed annual wage" is assuming major economic proportions but in a direction different from what its description implies. Primarily it is a demand upon the employer to supplement unemployment compensation as it exists now under the social security program. Such chapters as "Wages Are Becoming Less Unequal," "How High Can Wages Be?," and "Difference in Earnings of Various Groups" provide a basic understanding of our labor force and its expanding horizons in terms of recent history, expanding opportunities, and factors influencing wages and employment. This survey affords a helpful introduction to a complex field. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

WORDS AS TOOLS: Word-raiding has been going on stealthily over many years in business and industrial fields so that now the same word may have different meanings to people in different fields. The word "offset," for example, suggests different things to surveyers, printers, commission merchants, mechanics, and construction people. In addition, new techniques and methods have sired a profusion of terms which makes it difficult even for people at home in a certain field to keep abreast of terminology. To produce a semblance of order, Robert J. Schwartz has compiled **"The Dictionary of Business and Industry"** (Forbes, $7.95; with thumb index, $8.95). Some 45,000 special words, including legal and trade terms, are concisely and intelligibly defined. From all indications, Mr. Schwartz's research has been painstaking, utilizing existing dictionaries, checking with trade associations, and consulting government bureaus. One element which might have enhanced the value of this dictionary further would have been indications after the word or term defined as to the field to which it is specifically applicable. A miscellany of useful business information on weights, measures, comparative currency tables, and revised foreign trade definitions forms an introductory section. —S. M.

Huge flight of passenger pigeons was recorded by newspaper artist; birds flew so close together that one shot could kill seventy pigeons.

The species had small heads, small necks. Males had beautiful plumage.

GONE WITH THE DODO: To earlier generations of Americans the elegant, bold-eyed birds shown at left were one of spring's most familiar harbingers. With a deafening roar they came North—as many as five billion of them—blackening the skies, feeding in grain fields, and calling to each other sociably all the while. But by 1914 the passenger pigeons were birds of the past, all of them having been killed. Today little more is left to remember them by than the few pictures shown here. These, together with a wealth of nature lore about them, have been collected in **"The Passenger Pigeon,"** by A. W. Schorger (University of Wisconsin Press. $7.50), a very detailed and scholarly study of the life of a bird which fell prey to what bird-lovers have called one of man's most thoughtless acts. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.



This skeleton of a passenger pigeon is one of only fourteen known to have been preserved. The species was never protected by law.

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The Man and . . .

"Young Sam Johnson," by James L. Clifford *(McGraw-Hill. 377 pp. $5.75) and* ***"The Highland Jaunt," by Moray McLaren*** *(William Sloane Assoc. 272 pp. $4), both deal with the great dictionary compiler: the first treating his formative years, the latter the famous trip he took through the Hebrides with his biographer, Boswell. Joseph Wood Krutch, our reviewer, is the author of a widely read and highly regarded biography of Johnson.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

EVERYBODY has been told—correctly enough—that Boswell's "Johnson" is the greatest biography in the English language. Nearly everybody knows also that since Boswell's time innumerable other books about his hero have been published and that during the past few years a perfect spate of them has poured from the presses. Is there anything more to be learned or said? Surprisingly enough, the answer is a simple Yes—as two new books, one relatively slight, the other truly imposing, conclusively demonstrate.

Different as Moray McLaren's "The Highland Jaunt" and James L. Clifford's "Young Sam Johnson" are in scope and method, they nevertheless have this much in common: both present a certain number of new facts and both use those facts to paint a vivid picture which brings us close to Johnson and his eighteenth-century world; which make it easier to imagine what the experience of being Dr. Johnson in that world meant physically, intellectually, and emotionally.

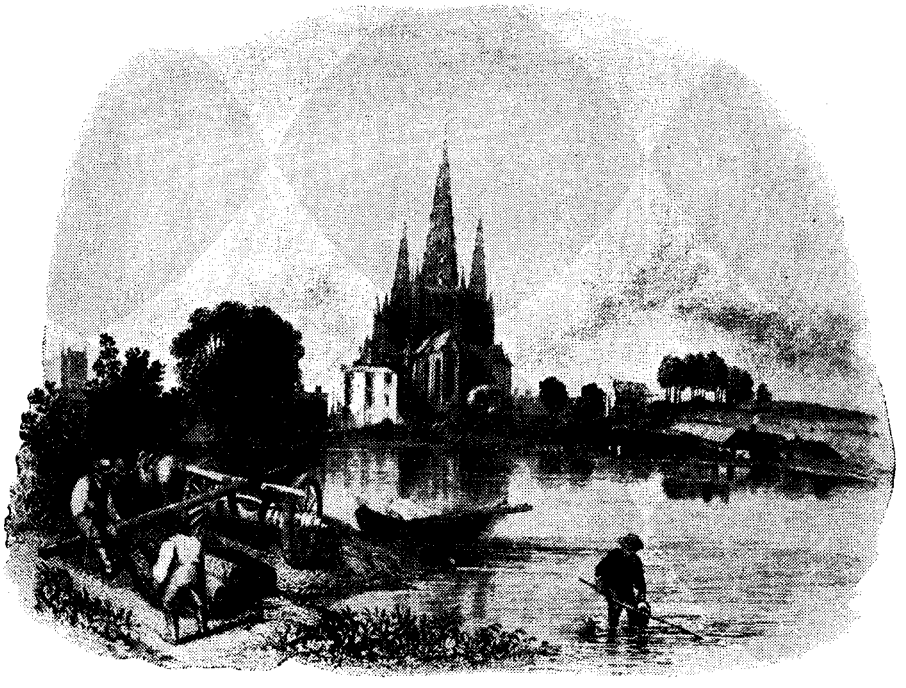
Mr. McLaren is a loyal Scot long familiar with the Hebrides and drenched in Highland lore. Long familiar also with Johnson and Boswell, he followed the track of their famous journey with an eye open for every tangible vestige of the world they saw and with a mind alert to reconstruct that world out of his knowledge of past social and political history. His is a discursive book, strung on the thread of his own journey but including historical anecdote, antiquarian fact, and meditations on the two famous travelers.

Perhaps nothing in the whole Johnson saga is harder to grasp imaginatively than his improbable "jaunt." Fine as both Johnson's and Boswell's own accounts of it are, the very fact that they are contemporary and therefore take for granted much that we do not know suspends the reader in a sort of void. Mr. McLaren fills that void. The Highlands and the Hebrides are realler places than most readers of Johnson have ever been able to make them seem. "The Highland Jaunt" is a fine prolegomenon to either Johnson's or Boswell's first-hand account.

Professor Clifford has long been known as one of the most devoted, indefatigable, and eagle-eyed of the Johnsonian scholars. He has considered nothing which had any bearing on his subject alien to him. He has pursued facts—any facts—down the labyrinthine ways of written and oral tradition and run them to earth in unpublished letters, diaries, and parish records. His biography of Johnson's friend Mrs. Thrale is not only standard but was based upon a great mass of new material. Even better known perhaps are his reviews and evaluations of all the recent contributions to Johnsonian scholarship. Now he has brought much of his tremendous knowledge to bear upon the obscurest part of Johnson's life.

We are nowadays inclined to believe that the most important part of any man's biography is the early part. Yet because Boswell did not meet Johnson until the latter, already famous and established, was well past fifty—also because Johnson himself was confessedly unwilling to talk much about his early struggles—we have always both known comparatively little about his formative years. During the past decade or two quite a little information which was entirely inaccessible to Boswell has been dug out. Professor Clifford has done a good deal of digging on his own. The result is that he is now prepared to write a "Young Sam Johnson" far fuller, far more detailed than anyone would have supposed possible.

THE most surprising thing is, however, not that facts about Johnson's career, about the schools he went to, the places where he worked, and the political and social conditions of the places where he lived have been discovered but that they can be made to mean so much and that both Johnson himself and the worlds of Lichfield or London become so much more real because of them. Where most biographers would be content to tell us, for example, that Johnson's father was a parchment manufacturer as well as a bookseller, that the infant Johnson was taken to London to be "touched for the evil," and that he later attended the Lichfield grammar school, Professor Clifford knows precisely what a parchment maker did and just how successfully Michael Johnson's father did it; what a coach journey to London involved at that time; how the ceremony of touching was conducted; and just how good—very good



Lichfield Cathedral—"the obscurist part of Johnson's life."

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—SR *Drawing by Jay Jacobs.*

Johnson—"impartial, critical eye."

as it turns out—the Lichfield grammar school was. He knows a thousand such things not only about Lichfield and Johnson's boyhood there but also about the London to which he went, the conditions he found there, and what the work he did would entail. Because he is at home with the facts, with the whole world of Johnson's experience, he makes us at home in it also. He says goodbye to his hero in 1749 when "The Vanity of Human Wishes" had just been published. Johnson was at that time still relatively obscure and though he was just beginning to emerge into the light he was not to meet Boswell for another fourteen years. Here, in other words, are the "obscure years" only. But they are no longer really obscure. At least a great deal is now known about them.

"A mere antiquarian," said Johnson himself, "is a rugged being." Such a book as Professor Clifford's might well have turned out to be a rugged book. In actual fact, however, even the general reader will not find it such. The author, though he has in his possession what might seem to be an unmanageable mass of information, never merely dumps it on us. It is all alive to him and he makes it alive for us. That is partly because he realizes what its significance is, even more perhaps because he has obviously taken great pains to be interesting not—God save the mark—by "fictionalizing" anything but by writing easily, gracefully, and intelligently. English critics are constantly telling us that American literary scholarship is today the best and also the dullest in the world. They will certainly not want to say anything of the kind of this book. In fact it is difficult to see how so much detailed fact could be more attractively presented.

. . . the Dictionary

The two-hundredth anniversary of the publication of Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous "Dictionary of the English Language" is being celebrated this week. In commemoration Professor Robert Halsband of Hunter College discusses the event and a new book about it in the essay below.

By Robert Halsband

ON APRIL 15, 1755, exactly two hundred years ago, a group of London booksellers issued (in two large volumes) "A DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE: in which The WORDS are deduced from their ORIGINALS, and ILLUSTRATED in their DIFFERENT SIGNIFICATIONS by EXAMPLES from the best WRITERS. To which are prefixed, A HISTORY of the LANGUAGE, and An ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By SAMUEL JOHNSON, A.M." Its publication was hardly unexpected, for Johnson had rashly undertaken to produce it in three years, and his backers had waited nine. Their relief was expressed by Andrew Millar, who had received the last sheet of the dictionary from the messenger. "Well," Johnson asked, "what did he say?" "Sir," answered the messenger, "he said, thank God I have done with him." "I am glad," replied Johnson with a smile, "that he thanks God for any thing."

The exact genesis of the project is uncertain. Johnson later told Boswell that "it was not the effect of particular study; but that it had grown up in his mind insensibly." During the spring of 1746 he drew up a prospectus, submitted to the group of booksellers, and in June signed a contract. He was to be paid 1,575 pounds, an immense sum. What could have induced these businessmen to invest in an obscure writer? All he had written were a moderately successful poem "London," a political pamphlet, a brief biography of his friend Savage, several translations, and a considerable amount of hackwork for *The Gentleman's Magazine*. They must have been impressed by his blunt honesty and voracious intellect.

There already existed English dictionaries, but none to match the great French and Italian ones compiled by whole academies. When a friend of Johnson's pointed out that the French Academy of forty members had required forty years to finish their dictionary he refused to be intimidated, but set about "beating the track of the alphabet with sluggish resolution." He moved to more spacious quarters, a house off Fleet Street, and fitted up the garret like a counting house. There he slaved and sweated with six men whom he employed for transcribing.

He relieved the drudgery of these years with other literary work. In 1749 he published his somber poem "The Vanity of Human Wishes" and his friend Garrick produced his verse tragedy "Irene"; the next year he began his series of *Rambler* essays, writing two a week for two years. They fortified his reputation.

He had expected support from Lord Chesterfield, the prominent politician and elegant littérateur. But the busy nobleman, after having received the "Plan" and paid its author ten pounds, did not encourage his friendship or attendance. Yet at the end of 1754 Chesterfield wrote two papers for *The World* welcoming the imminent publication. To restore order and authority in the language, he stated, a dictionary was necessary. "Upon this principle, I give my vote for Mr. Johnson to fill that great and arduous post. And I hereby declare that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a free-born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson, during the term of his dictatorship."

WITH the help of Providence instead of a patron the dictionary was completed. Although he regarded the dictionary with "some degree of parental fondness" Johnson—in his preface—looked at it with an impartial critical eye. Its greatest weakness was etymology; but here he was no worse than his contemporaries, for systematic philology did not develop until the next century. His greatest contribution to English lexicography was to illustrate the meanings of each word with quotations from authors whom he regarded as *"the wells of English undefiled"*—from Sir Philip Sidney to the Restoration (1580-1660). Toward language and its evolution he showed a strikingly modern attitude. What should be the guide to correct spelling? Follow current conservative usage was his answer. It

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was foolish, he admitted, to suppose that the dictionary could "embalm his language, and secure it from corruption and decay." Academies had tried in vain. In his concept of a descriptive rather than prescriptive dictionary he discovered what the twentieth century takes for granted.

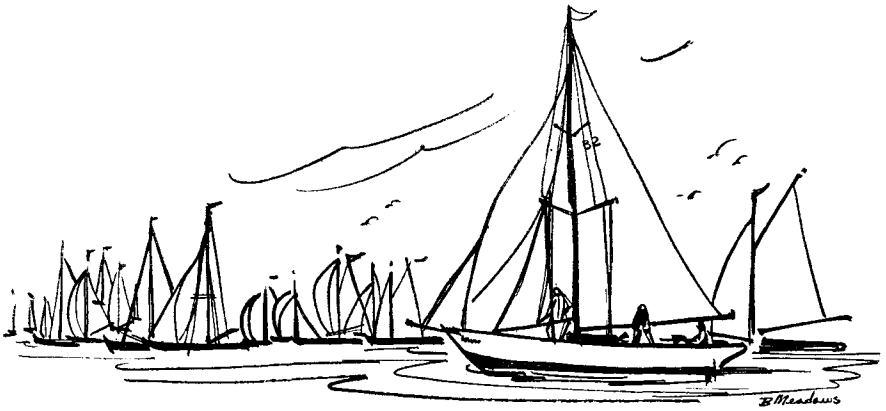
PUBLICATION was delayed until he could obtain a university degree to dignify his name on the title page. (As a youth he had attended Oxford for only thirteen months.) An M.A. "by diploma" was granted in February 1755. On April 15 the dictionary was put on sale, in a first edition of 2,000 copies at the extremely high price of four pounds ten shillings. At last from the ashes of a "harmless drudge" arose the redoubtable "Dictionary Johnson."

As he had expected, publication brought reproaches. Some were trivial, as when a lady pointed out his error in defining *pastern,* and he blandly announced his reason: "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance." Or when two ladies congratulated him for omitting naughty words, and he replied, "What, my dears! then you have been looking for them." To only a slight extent did he allow his humor or prejudice to infect his definitions. His definition of *pension*—"pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country"—backfired when he received one himself seven years later. Like the definitions of *oats, Tory, Whig, lexicographer, Grub-street, excise,* these eccentricities are too well known. In the total of 41,000 words most of his definitions are finely discriminated and judiciously phrased.

His book was acclaimed and denounced, but it frequently received the ultimate in flattery—imitation. For seventy-five years, while it was continually reissued in editions of lesser price, it dominated English lexicography.

It is at the same time a great pioneering effort and a landmark. To celebrate its anniversary James H. Sledd and Gwin J. Kolb have put together five somewhat uneven research essays as **"Dr. Johnson's Dictionary"** (University of Chicago Press, $5). Their most interesting discussion gives the dictionary a place in eighteenth-century European lexicography. As Johnson himself would easily agree, his labor rested on that of his predecessors; but sitting on their shoulders (so to speak) he added the extra cubit of his own generous height. The dictionaries which later displaced his—Webster's and the great "Oxford English Dictionary"—may command our respect and admiration, but they do not move us with the same wonder and affection.

WEEKEND FUN



Sailing the Offshore Swell

This being the time of year when the thoughts of the five million boat-owners throughout our land turn waterward SR *offers for their benefit an article in its occasional series on the literature of recreation. Its author, Thomas Caldecot Chubb, is an amateur yachtsman who has twice represented the Indian Harbor Yacht Club of Greenwich, Conn., against the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club and once against the Chicago Yacht Club. Recently he has gone over to power and now operates an express cruiser.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

SOME half a century ago, in his inimitable "Puck of Pook's Hill," Rudyard Kipling published a concise poem, "Harp Song of the Dane Women." It began with a pointed question:

What is woman that you forsake her,
And the hearth-fire and the home acre
To go with the old gray Widow Maker?

Then after pointing out some of the discomforts that caused Dr. Samuel Johnson to growl: "No man will be a sailor who has the contrivance to get into jail," it came to the heart of the matter:

Yet when the signs of summer thicken,
And the ice breaks and the birch buds quicken . . .

. . . you steal away to the lapping waters
And look at your ship in her winter quarters.

You forget our talk and the mirth at the tables,
The kine in the shed and the horse in the stables—
To pitch her sides and go over her cables.

Kipling of course spoke of the Vikings—the "creek men," who, according to the learned Dr. Frederick J. Pohl, not only beached their ships on Nantucket, but even sailed through Hell Gate. But the emotions he evoked would be equally familiar to any of those restless souls who, when the pussywillows grow fluffy and the sharp green lances of the paperwhites thrust through the loam, go down to their own lapping waters as a preliminary to taking part in what is now one of the most popular recreations in the United States.

I say "most popular" advisedly. Recent semi-official figures indicate that there are now 5,284,000 recreational craft on all waters in this country. To be sure, four million of these are "outboard-powered craft under sixteen feet in length," but there are said to be 520,000 sailboats and 760,000 auxiliaries and motorboats over sixteen feet long. There are also, four thousand "documented" pleasure craft —*i.e.,* yachts large enough to carry papers like a commercial vessel. Even granting that some of these categories have been swollen by what a wise observer calls "educated guesses, perhaps with a touch of optimism as would be expected from someone in the industry," you have only to drive any spring weekend from the New York City line to New London (or along the shores of the Chesapeake, Lake Michigan, Southern California,

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or any of the man-made lakes created by public or private power) to realize that "men in this cool breeze season" are still moved by the same "longing for the blue of the offshore swell" that they were when Leif the Lucky wandered westward.

The only difference is that the "Dane women"—and for that matter children—are no longer left behind. In the shipyards you will see potential candidates for Miss or Mrs. America, clad in dungarees and as busy scraping, sanding, varnishing, and painting as their so-called better halves. Afloat it is the same story. For some time now the "ship's husband" has been matched by the "ship's wife," but the ladies are no longer limited to keeping the good ship clean below decks or to slaving in the galley. (They would rebel at that—they do enough galley-slaving ashore in the modern servantless home.) They now take their place on deck.

At the excellent classes conducted by the United States Power Squadron the gals in increasing numbers are now studying piloting, dead reckoning, and how to bring a twin-screw cruiser alongside the dock. It is reported that barnacle-handed old salts no longer rub their eyes and mutter briny oaths when they see a ketch "manned"—if you will pardon the expression—by an all-girl crew, sailing coastal waters. The ladies have long since moved into the racing game. No member of the so-called weaker sex has yet won the rugged thrash to Bermuda or the even more rugged Fastnet Race, but the cups in our living room indicate husband and son have a hard time keeping in sight of wife and daughter. We have a racing class at the yacht club from which I sail and three of its first six championships were won by members of the fair sex.

Yachting has also become more modest and more democratic. Gone probably forever are times epitomized by the famous J. P. Morgan story. A newly rich friend went to the financier and asked him if he could afford a yacht. "You can't," said Mr. Morgan. "How can you answer so quickly?" came back the friend. "I haven't told you my resources." "If you have to ask the question you can't afford one," replied Mr. Morgan. In those days this answer was supported by the facts.

Let us consider a few of them. From 1871 to 1937 private American owners defended the America's Cup (and each defense entailed building from two to five yachts) no less than sixteen times. The smallest defender was *Mischief*, seventy-nine tons. The largest was *Reliance*, 149 feet long and with 16,000 square feet of sail. When my father won the Astor Cup in 1915 the press referred patronizingly to "the little schooner *Queen Mab*." She was seventy-six feet overall. But in 1915 it was still not out of the ordinary to see great winged beauties like the 200-footers *Karina* and *Sea Call* or the 185-foot black-hulled three-master *Atlantic*, which had sailed from Ambrose Light to England in less time than the fastest clipper. As recently as 1937 the 267-foot *Hi-Esmaro* and Morgan's 343-foot *Corsair*, each flying an appropriate banner, were but two of the many you would see as a matter of course at the Yale-Harvard boat race. When the New York thirties—forty-three feet overall—came out in 1905 they were for the fellow who did not want anything too big.

Taxes, the redistribution of the wealth, the high cost of building, and the even higher cost of operating have changed all this. The great schooners and the great steam yachts have disappeared. The *Atlantic*, for example, after a long period of idleness is now a museum piece. The last of the cup defenders was broken up for her metal during the war, nor is it likely that another will ever be built. If you have anything forty-three feet long—power or sail—your friends wonder about that oil well. The small boat is now supreme.

Nor is this reduction in size and increase in numbers limited to racing sail boats. Motor boats and relatively small auxiliaries are coming out almost on an assembly-line basis both here and—fortunately for the purse—abroad, and since even a moderate-sized express cruiser can cost a few pennies a new type of what the sailing men call "stinkpots" has appeared: the outboard cruiser. Small and cheap, outboard cruisers were an innovation only a few years ago. They now fill the recreational waters with happiness and penetrating noise.

WHAT is the significance of all this to the reader of a periodical devoted to ideas and books?

It should be of some sociological interest that there are few participant sports which have a greater mass appeal than this flourishing recreation on which a billion dollars are now spent annually. In the matter of numbers taking part my guess is that golf is the only rival. The other big-number sports—baseball, basketball, football—are spectator sports where relatively few players entertain the crowded stands. But the sixteen million (this figure too is semi-official, but this time seems low to me) who in 1955 will go down to the sea in anything that floats will all play an active role. The veriest landlubber—if directed with the right kind of profanity—can at least sway on a halyard or help weigh the anchor and will, therefore, come ashore with sore muscles but with a sense of having done something. Being a believer in participant—as opposed to spectator—sports, this seems to me all to the good.

Yachting is also a sport with rich literary associations. Oddly enough,

(*Continued on page 53*)

The Season's Boating Books

SHIP ASHORE. By Jeannette Edwards Rattray. Coward-McCann. Probable price, $7.50.

SAILING ROUND CAPE HORN. By Guenther T. Schulz. Dodd, Mead. $10.

THE COMPLETE BOATING HANDBOOK. By Robert Scharff. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

NEW COMPLETE BOOK OF SMALL BOATS. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.

POWER BOATING PRESENTED IN PICTURES. By Geoffrey Smith. Wilfred Funk. $4.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF OUTBOARD MOTORBOATS. By Hank Bowman. A. S. Barnes. $5.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF KIT BOATS. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.

CLOUD OF ISLANDS. By W. I. B. Crealock. Hastings House. $4.

Military Funeral

By Martha Banning Thomas

WE KEPT the silence as we knew we should;
We thought of goodness, and our thoughts were good;
We bowed in wordless praying, and we stood

As still as listening ghosts, we'll always mourn,—
Who breathed, as we are breathing now, were born,
And died. The bugle was a trumpet horn

Gathering our griefs together in one well
Of quietness. God's gale rose like a knell,
And struck, not silence, but a sounding bell!

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From "Argonaut" to "Yalta"

IT WAS Churchill, with his strong sense of history and of hope, who named it "Argonaut"; it was the later frustrations, the fears and hatreds, which reduced it to "Yalta" and converted it into the symbol of unwisdom, short-sightedness, and betrayal which it has become for so many today. There was no golden fleece; the tinsel they brought away instead had begun to tarnish within a month, and the argonauts, their high purposes forgotten, have been condemned ever since for failing where no men, probably, could have succeeded.

Except for General MacArthur's remarkable attempt to rewrite the record, the storm caused by the State Department's publication of most of the surviving record of this tragedy is already subsiding to teapot proportions. Publication has not done the harm that was prophesied; it did not prevent ratification of the German treaties, and despite Churchill's obvious displeasure it seems to have put no great strain upon our alliances. It has, on the other hand, produced little new fuel for the embittered fires of domestic partisanship—and reflected little credit upon the patently political motives responsible for the compilation and the curious manner of the release.

The compilation was ordered by the Republicans when they took power in 1953, in the hope that it would sustain both their campaign charges of pro-Communist betrayal against the Roosevelt Administration and their overrash campaign promises to denounce the Yalta agreements and "roll back" the Soviet conquests which they ascribed to that meeting. But the folly of the latter enterprise has long been apparent to the Republicans and anti-Rooseveltians themselves; they have learned that a "roll back" is a practical impossibility and that there is nothing in the Yalta agreements to be denounced—except, possibly, some Soviet undertakings which might conceivably be useful some day. And there are no fresh evidences of betrayal; there is no suggestion of a treasonable Alger Hiss poisoning the councils or doctoring the papers; there is nothing to sustain the more grotesque charges of a fatuous Roosevelt openhandedly selling the Poles and the Chinese Nationalists into Communist slavery; there is little to alter the general picture of the famous conference with which we had already become rather wearisomely familiar.

Some of the more embarrassing jocularities and side-remarks which the papers are supposed to contain have been edited out; enough remain, however, to provide confirmation for what was already reasonably apparent. It is clearer than before that Roosevelt was tired and ill, that he was poorly prepared, and that coordination of his policy with Churchill's was seriously deficient. He was still distrustful of what he considered to be the promptings of "British imperialism," and inclined to conceive his role as more that of mediator between Churchill and Stalin than that of Britain's ally in a struggle between East and West. He, like the other two, was suffering delusions of grandeur; he was still too trusting of the Russians; he could still propose cheerfully to Stalin (in Churchill's absence) that Hong Kong be given to China under an international port administration, or scribble a testy minute: "All this is rot: local politics. I am quite sure he [Churchill] is thinking now about the next election in Britain."

ROOSEVELT left it to Churchill to carry the main brunt of the battle for a decent settlement in Poland, but it is not clear that the President could have done better had he pressed with greater vigor. Indeed, it is even less easy than before to believe that the Presidential attitudes materially affected the outcome. Particularly this is true in regard to the Far East. The most significant of the new material in the compilations is provided by the reports of the military staff conferences; and these put the famous allegation that Roosevelt at Yalta sold out the Chinese in order, unnecessarily, to induce Russia to enter the Japanese War in a rather new light. It is plain that neither Roosevelt, Marshall, nor any of the Joint Chiefs journeyed to Yalta with the idea that they would have to bid for a Soviet entry. In the previous October the Russians had told them (through Harriman and General Deane) that they would enter the war and had outlined the plan of operations they intended to follow. For the American military men at Yalta Soviet participation was already a foregone conclusion; their problem was simply to coordinate Russian and American operations. Roosevelt and his political advisers had to consider not what they might offer the Russians to bring them in, but to what extent it would be possible to resist the demands certain to be made.

Some could not be resisted in any event; thus, the Soviet staff simply informed the Americans that Russia "will occupy southern Sakhalin as quickly after the beginning of hostilities as possible and will do this without American help." When Stalin made his demands explicit Roosevelt acquiesced and said that he would take them up with Chiang Kai-shek. He might have put up a stiffer fight to limit Soviet aims, but since with the coming of war Soviet troops would be on the ground to enforce them anyhow, it is difficult to see that he could have accomplished much in that way, except by forcing the issue to a complete break. It may be said that a break would have been preferable, as the event proved that we did not need Russian military help in the Far East. But that would have fractured the alliance at the moment of impending victory in Europe—a risk no statesman could have dared to take.

Thus, the Yalta papers, if they add

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numerous bits of ammunition for those still engaged in battering the dead horses of 1945, also help restore perspectives too often forgotten. The task might have been handled with more wisdom, more vigor, a clearer foresight. But it was a task essentially impossible. A colossal military alliance among powers profoundly disparate and even inimical to each other had been created by one thing only—war. Now the wars were coming to their end; the alliance must collapse, as they did so, into an appalling chaos unless it was somehow possible to put together a working structure to deal with the peace. To suppose that this could be done in eight days may imply a certain naivete, perhaps touched with megalomania; but to make the attempt was vital, while, if the attempt were made, some "concession" or at least some give and take would be unavoidable. That was the essence of the so-called "betrayal" at Yalta; and it should be pondered by those now calling for another meeting of heads of state, to undertake a closely similar task, without first pausing to ask what they may have to give or what concessions they will accept.

—WALTER MILLIS.

At Home and Abroad

AT this lovely spring season of the year, when thousands of Americans are planning to visit foreign lands as holiday tourists, it is perhaps in order to remember that the United States itself is the greatest host nation in the world, receiving more tourists from abroad than any other country.

The American is a tremendous traveler. Yet right here at home we have a wealth of scenery, of mighty monuments built by man, of friendly people, of significant historic sights, and of varied cultures that make the United States one of the most exciting and rewarding countries a foreign tourist can visit.

President Eisenhower, recognizing the importance of tourism as a means of building greater understanding among nations, has endorsed the new program of the National Association of Travel Organizations (NATO) to persuade more people from Europe, Asia, and other lands overseas to visit the United States. In an open invitation to "People of All Lands" the President writes in a handsome brochure being widely distributed by NATO:

"No one who sets foot in the United States need do so as a stranger, for the United States is a nation made up of people of many nations, colors, and creeds. And in our devotion to individual liberty, we share the aims and ideals of countless peoples from many lands.

"America welcomes visits of those from abroad as a vital step in the direction of international understanding and world peace."

In this issue of *The Saturday Review*, for the first of two successive weeks, we devote a number of pages to the pleasures and cultural benefits of international travel. Next week the United States will be given some of its due as a tourist attraction. Still we see right here in the United States those roots which indicate why Americans traveling abroad should feel at home. So much of our home has come from abroad.

THE *Saturday Review*'s travel editor, Horace Sutton, has vividly described this mingling of many cultures that the U.S. tourist carries with him wherever he travels. In the NATO brochure referred to above Mr. Sutton wrote:

"If you took settlers from Spain and immigrants from Ireland, wanderers from the Rhine, wayfarers from far China and the islands of Japan, Scandinavians from the northlands and Puerto Ricans from the warm seas, and Poles and Scots and Hungarians, and brought them all to a giant and fertile land, and let them fashion a nation which suited the needs of all, it would be the USA.

"For the USA is Greek and African, Swedish and Italian, German and English. Created by God and inherited by immigrants, it is one of the marvels of the time in which we live. In New York a tower rises 102 stories above the head of man. And in Arizona a canyon digs into the earth one mile below his feet. The sun can shine hot on the palms of Florida at the same time snow is falling on the slopes of Oregon.

"From New England where the English pilgrims first landed to California, discovered by the Spanish explorers, it is nearly as far as from London to Baghdad, but when you are in a hurry you can leap it via the air lanes in eight hours. . . .

"We are 265 religions and 165 million citizens of all colors and creeds. We are all the people of the earth, the seekers of freedom, the seekers of fortune, and the searchers for hope."

So at home or abroad the American is at home, and the visitor from abroad is at home in America.

There is a truth in this that is important for statesmen everywhere to ponder as the warm sun beckons us all to travel and momentarily forget, even if we cannot escape, the nuclear shadow that hangs over our world and our time.

Perhaps in the sharing of man's oneness that the tourist experiences, and which is so much of the American experience, there is a lesson and a hope for men everywhere that the barriers statesmen, politicians, and militarists would erect along our frontiers can finally be dismantled.

Home is where you find it. It can be here or everywhere. You only need to look. And that's what tourists do best of all.

—W. D. P.

—Acme.

Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin at Yalta—"there was no golden fleece."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A MESS

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "Does Anyone Have Time to Think?" [*SR* Mar. 26] was excellent. It is just one more example pointing out the tremendous job of reeducation that lies ahead if we are to survive in a changing world. It is doubtful if more leisure would increase the quality of thinking in Washington. Even the verb "to think" has been a sin and a crime for ages. It's a mess.

FRED C. PETERS.

Janesville, Minn.

DEFINITION OF THOUGHT

THE CHALLENGING EDITORIAL "Does Anyone Have Time to Think?" brings up the next question: What *is* thinking and how does one go about "doing" it? This is not an academic question because I have asked several informed friends and their answers are both confused and confusing.

Recently I was reading Rudolf Steiner's "Goethe the Scientist," in which Goethe opposes the Kantian thesis that we can never know the reality of "the thing in itself." Goethe discovered that "things in themselves" and man have a common origin—the Archetypal Idea. The World Process works out of the world of Idea through the laws of nature. In man the process is stepped up to become conscious cooperation with the World Process by means of thinking. Man's part: to accumulate all possible physical data through the senses. Then suspend judgment until, through thinking, the "other half of reality" (the Idea) is brought to bear upon the data.

I'm not philosopher enough to know how unorthodox this may be. But it seems to describe the method by which I have "received" the modest creative ideas that I have served. Am I naive in *thinking* this conception would "puncture" materialism?

MARG-RIETTE MONTGOMERY.

San Antonio, Tex.

TRENCHANT AND TIMELY

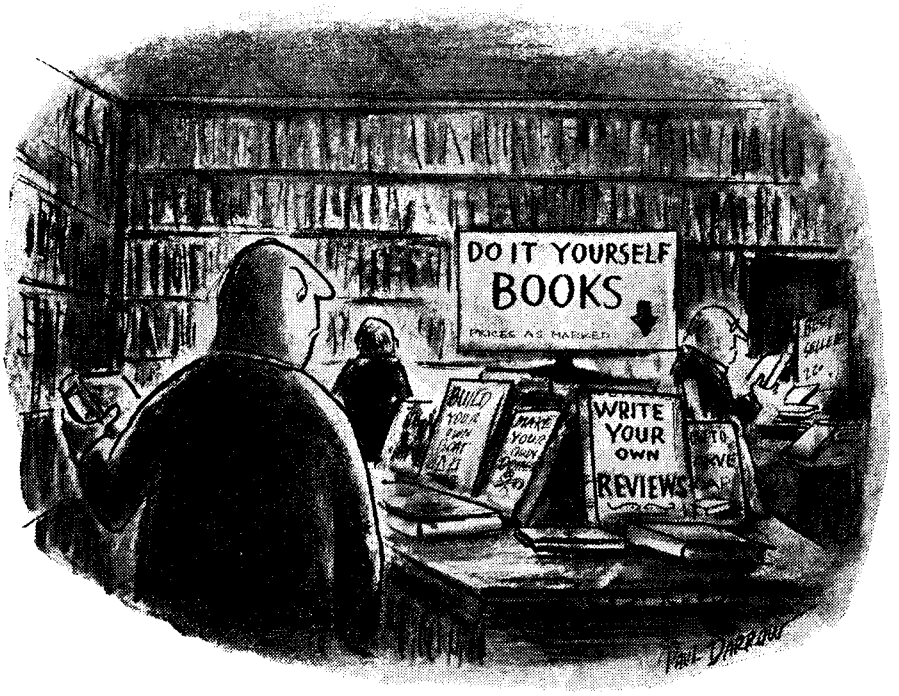
I FOUND N.C.'s EDITORIAL "Does Anyone Have Time to Think?" one of the most trenchant and timely statements I have read. I congratulate him on the significance of the message and the lucidity of its presentation. I wish it could be reproduced for every home in the United States—better still—the United Nations.

MRS. LESLIE HANDLER.

Larchmont, N.Y.

TIME TO THINK

WE HAVE TIME TO THINK, but do we have the desire to think? To think is a function and functions take energy. Some may prefer to have it done for them. This is very rarely done knowingly, but few realize what they are giving up.



It has been said, "One in deep thought is often in strange territory." A fundamental difference must be made between thought (reason) and emotion (impulse). The former is difficult, the latter easy and consequences of either may be wrong. It has also been said, "Instead of thinking he has merely rearranged his prejudices." One claims to be open to conviction but he would like to see the so-and-so who could convince him.

An answer to the question "Why can I not be a Communist" might be: "Because I *think* instead of *emote*."

F. GREGORY CONNELL.

Oshkosh, Wis.

WHIMSICAL PARADOX

WHAT ON EARTH is the meaning of N.C.'s conclusion, that the time to demonstrate man's uniqueness in thought is now? Was there ever a time when man didn't think? Were there no thinkers in ancient Egypt or earlier still? What is the testimony of the world's libraries, of the mountains of books, pamphlets, and diaries?

The human race may decline and die, but while it lives it cannot but think and record its thoughts. Of course, millions of men do not really think, they live on by the thoughts of the *elite*, and doubtless this will always be the case. We must do our utmost to increase the *elite*. The brain somehow secretes thought. We are accustomed to this miracle. To affirm that ours is the time to think is to indulge in a whimsical paradox. Not all who think think straight, and this truth poses a problem. What is straight thinking in religion, in philosophy, in economics, and esthetics? Of course, opinions differ in answering this question, but earnest controversies tend to stimulate and promote thinking, and efforts to prevent free and full discussion must be fought and defeated—another real problem.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

A THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE

DOES "ANYONE HAVE TIME TO THINK?" The answer is "Yes!" We are a thoughtful people, thoughtful of others as well as of ourselves. How many cubits we can add to our stature by taking thought is still a question. But we have added a lot of cubits to our stature by a lot of thinking, thinking that developed into action. And who shall say that the thought that we now take for others, in aid programs, etc., is not constructive?

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD.

New York, N.Y.

THE PRODUCER

THERE WOULD have been no "Marty" [*SR* Mar. 26] without the producer, Harold Hecht. Somebody had to buy the property, hire the proper talents, create the literal production, and see the film through to its appearance in the theatres. Hecht maintained faith with Delbert Mann, the director, and myself throughout the long year of work. If "Marty" is "a film of rare honesty and heart," as Arthur Knight writes, it has a lot of Hecht's honesty and heart in it.

PADDY CHAYEFSKY.

New York, N.Y.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

WAS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

HOLLYWOOD'S camera boys are getting around more these days than *SR*'s own peripatetic Horace Sutton. Cinerama and CinemaScope have glorified the old-time travelogues, while a marked trend toward location shooting is making both stars and technicians increasingly at home abroad. Over the heads of the busy actors today one not infrequently glimpses the Champs Elysées, St. Peter's in Rome, or San Marco Square in Venice. Unfortunately, the splendors of these backgrounds are not always reflected in the activities up front. In **"Mambo"** (Paramount) the discrepancies prove particularly distressing.

"Mambo," it should be noted, is actually an Italian production, although directed by Hollywood's Robert Rossen, photographed by Hollywood's Harold Rosson, and starring, along with Italy's beauteous Silvano Mangano, our own Shelley Winters and Michael Rennie. Vittorio Gassman and Eduardo Cianelli can be claimed by both Italy and Hollywood. Again it's a matter of the Italian studios trying to force their way into the American market—this time with a picture that looks American, sounds American, but somehow never rings true. No doubt that favorite Italian trick of dubbing in the voices is partially to blame. Of course, dubbing does permit Miss Mangano to speak a purer English than is hers to command, but her "lip sync" is frequently way off. And, though Shelley Winters and the Messrs. Rennie and Gassman dubbed themselves, even their "lip sync" also slips occasionally.

It would be captious to criticize a picture simply because the words didn't always match the lip movements. In "Mambo," however, this false technical note is echoed in virtually every aspect of the film itself. Its language is curiously stiff and constrained, like a bad translation. Its story of a girl from the Venetian slums who rises to giddy heights as a mambo dancer, lives rather indiscriminately with both her male leads, then decides to dedicate herself to her "art" is never for a moment credible. Its characters—including, oddly enough, Katherine Dunham as the mambo troupe's dance director—are singularly lifeless and unconvincing. Indeed, only once does the screen sizzle with anything like real emotion. When Shelley Winters launches a vitriolic attack on Vittorio Gassman she seems to mean every moment of it. For the rest, there is a great deal of Venice and a few shots of Rome, but they prove meager compensation for the bleak dramatics that tie these scenes together. "Mambo" is another sad example of the fact that, in trying to compete with Hollywood, the Italian studios are rapidly "going Hollywood" themselves.

* * *

With this gradual dilution of Italy's creative vigor, Japan concurrently is emerging as a fascinating source of vital and original films. So far only three have had wide distribution in this country, but each has been a masterpiece. Naturally, no film industry can produce masterpieces only, and **"The Impostor"** (Brandon) suggests that American distributors are beginning to scrape the bottom of the barrel. Another costume drama, this time set in the seventeenth century, it lacks either the intensity or striking virtuosity of its predecessors. Its character motivations often seem less obscure than unlikely. And, for the first time, one feels free to complain of a lack of subtlety, particularly in the role presumably intended for comic relief.

* * *

All the talented people who made "Lili" such a delight two years ago have again put their heads together, hoping to repeat the miracle. **"The Glass Slipper"** (M-G-M) is a good try—in its more balletic moments an extremely good try. Roland Petit's dances have a wit and style and, in the end, a depth of emotion all too rare in movie ballets. And Helen Deutsch has again integrated the dance material neatly and ingeniously into her script. But, where "Lili" was feathery light, "The Glass Slipper" seems just a bit heavy and pompous; where "Lili" was charmingly spontaneous, "The Glass Slipper" is too self-consciously winsome. Perhaps this must be expected in any modern adaptation of the Cinderella story. It has to be tickled up for the sophisticates, fancied up for those who want to see lavish production values for their movie dollars. Miss Deutsch has obliged the former, especially in the Lewis Carroll-like dialogue she invented for Estelle Winwood, the fairy godmother. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Rockefeller Center

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MICHAEL WILDING
With
KEENAN WYNN · ESTELLE WINWOOD
ELSA LANCHESTER · BARRY JONES
Written For the Screen by
HELEN DEUTSCH
Ballets by ROLAND PETIT
Featuring Ballet de Paris
Photographed in Eastman Color
Directed by CHARLES WALTERS
Produced by EDWIN H. KNOPF
An M-G-M Picture

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Far-famed Cathedral
Pageant . . . and
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Symphony Orchestra
directed by
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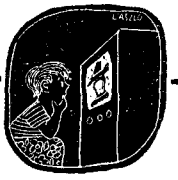

TV AND RADIO

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A SPONSOR

ENGLAND will soon come into sponsored television. To prepare all Englishmen for the shock of that day when the sun will finally set on this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, the *Sunday Times* of London recently published an enchanting but ominous impression by Robert Harling of the full horrors of sponsored television as it is practised in America.

I want you to share some of it with me. Says Mr. Harling:

"The terrifying impact of TV on that vague but durable old institution The American Way of Life has to be seen to be believed. It has been reliably estimated that each American TV household spends five hours every day at its set or sets. Children become willing salesmen on behalf of exigent sponsors urging parents to buy named brands of cereals and drinks. Even the dining table has been rearranged so that the whole family can watch whilst eating. Neighbors are invited in not for their conversation, but just to look and listen.

"To the inquiring Englishman, however, the most absorbing aspect of TV is its finances. The astronomical sums daily involved make the published estimates of our own Independent Television Authority seem like the hesitant hazards of schoolboy mathematicians.

"Such spending, with its inevitable tendency to promote false values, has been provoked by the merciless nature of American competition.

"This competition exists on two levels: among the three great TV networks and among the many American industries—from automobiles to beers—competing for the vast home market. The network battle is primarily between NBC (National Broadcasting Corporation) and CBS (Columbia Broadcasting System). They are both subjected to guerrilla warfare by ABC (American Broadcasting Company).

"NBC is an offshoot of the Radio Corporation of America, makers of radio, TV, radar, and every kind of electronic equipment, and one of the greatest industrial empires of the U.S. The policy of NBC, dictated by the character of its boss, David Sarnoff, is never to be second to anything or anybody. Yet NBC has frequently had to play second fiddle to CBS, a small organisation (but still vast by any but U.S. standards), for this organisation, under the direction of two far-sighted men, William S. Paley and Frank Stanton, has produced pro-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DOUBLE DISTAFF

All authors have mothers and many authors have wives. Below are the maiden names of ten mothers of authors, all paired with the maiden names of the wives of those same authors. You are invited to identify the authors (all of whom are British or American, and several of whom did a lot besides write) on the basis of the names provided. Get five correct answers and you're not so hot; six through eight, fair and warmer; nine or ten, you sizzle. Answers on page 50.

1. Elizabeth Barrow and Catherine Hogarth
2. Elizabeth Clarke Manning and Sophia Amelia Peabody
3. Lucinda Elizabeth Gurley and Charlotte Payne Townshend
4. Sarah Wendell and Amelia Lee Jackson
5. Jeanette Jerome and Clementine Hozier
6. Maria Gansevoort and Elizabeth Shaw
7. Sarah Ford and Elizabeth Jervis
8. Elizabeth Arnold and Virginia Clemm
9. Margaret Isabella Balfour and Frances Matilda Van de Grift
10. Abiah Folger and Deborah Read

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grammes of high technical achievement and great imaginative scope. ABC normally follows where the others lead.

"Almost all the intrusions made by the advertiser into the programmes are evolved by the advertising agencies. These 'commercials,' as they are known in the States (and 'spots' as they will be known here), are written and designed with demoniacal skill and ingenuity. They frequently take the form of animated cartoons. At other times they are spoken 'live,' that is, by a spokesman or salesman, or, finally, reproduced second-hand by a filmed monologue or acted sequence. The 'live' salesman and saleswoman, whose counterpart we shall see all too soon in this country, are persuaders of nauseating persistence. They erupt into the middle of a playlet, terminate the antics of a clown, stifle the reflections which might follow a commentary on world affairs.

"They annoy and disgust: for frequently, yet not altruistically, they are seeking to rectify the more distressful failings of our bodies. One hates their unctuous injunctions, their hypnotic huckstering.

"Something of all this we shall certainly see and hear in this country this year. Our programmes will not be directly sponsored by advertisers. We shall not see such vast expenditures. Nor will our entertainers be paid such fancy sums. The markets to sustain such vast outpourings are not here. Nevertheless, we shall be driven mad by advertisers' 'spots' and we shall buy the goods. The figures prove it."

End of quote.

On the page of the *Sunday Times* in which Mr. Harling's piece appears are six large "spots" advertising petrol, a Pakistan airline, a paint, Carborundum, Player's cigarettes, and one adjacent to his column advertising an automobile.

And if the text of the automobile advertisement is a fair sample of what the live salesman or spokesman will soon erupt into the middle of an English program Mr. Harling's fears of being driven mad are entirely unfounded. He may, however, die laughing:

"I've joined the happy band of Austin-Healey owners. And I see now what they were talking about. This car is really a pippin. She behaves beautifully on the road—sticks to it like a clam, and any corner I put her at she takes as if she's on rails. In fact, she's so good I've been thinking of a spot of rally driving myself."

End of spot. And if he ever tries that here end of our own beloved automobile salesman or spokesman, Lee Bowman. —GOODMAN ACE.

• ***Was A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE about a nymphomaniac or a schizophrenic?***

• ***What is the song of wish fulfillment in SOUTH PACIFIC?***

• ***Why did the chaste heroine of THE PHILADELPHIA STORY wail in the moonlight like a banshee?***

FREUD ON BROADWAY

A HISTORY OF PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE AMERICAN DRAMA

BY W. DAVID SIEVERS

● Written with rare insight and humor, here for the first time is the story of the revolution that took place when American playwrights discovered Freud and psychoanalysis. (Thirty-three authors have contributed their own impressions of Freud's influence—or lack of it—on their work.) Here is the story of the development of the new—and often shocking—themes of psychology, themes which had been buried since the great days of Greek and Shakespearean drama. Dr. Sievers' brilliant re-creation of hundreds of plays, his intriguing evaluations of scores of dramatists, his trenchant analyses of motivations, characters, and plots make this one of the most exciting and original books ever written about the theatre.

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"The first drama to deal with the theme of sexual frustration in anything resembling an unembarrassing manner was Belasco's adaptation in 1909 of a French play, *The Lily*."

OF PHILIP BARRY: "Certainly it falls far short to dismiss Barry as a witty writer of high comedy of manners. Beneath his flippancy and his 'chit-chat' was a sensitive and deeply spiritual writer coming to grips with the psychology of his time and expressing a yearning for maturity and emotional wholeness."

OF ARTHUR MILLER: "From his plays and the comments on his questionnaire it would seem that Miller, of all American playwrights, comes the closest . . . to illustrating Freud's prediction that ultimately writers will assimilate psychoanalysis 'at so deep a level of knowing that they will not be aware that they are employing it' . . . The father-son relationship is brought superbly to realization in his *Death of a Salesman*. No son ever depicted a more epic father with all the characteristically American ambitions and frailties of fatherhood than did Miller with Willy Loman."

OF ROGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN: "When they were brought together . . . a revolution in musical theatre occurred and the new American music-drama based upon the psychology of mental health was born. Significant, too, was the contribution of Agnes De Mille in evolving a fresh American style of choreography based on a working acquaintance with Freudian motivation."

Just a few of the recent Broadway hits **FREUD ON BROADWAY** *analyzes—Oklahoma!, Picnic, Carousel, South Pacific, The King and I, Born Yesterday, Teahouse of the August Moon, The Seven Year Itch, Member of the Wedding, The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial, Tea and Sympathy, The Bad Seed.*

FREUD ON BROADWAY will give new insight into your favorite plays, and life and fascination to plays you've never seen.

A DIGEST OF THE CONTENTS

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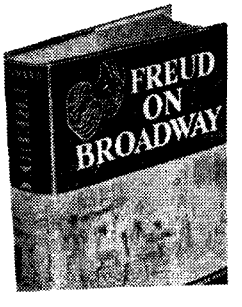

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Fifteen Years of Ballet Theatre

By IRVING KOLODIN

WHAT would have been the odds, when the curtain went up on the first performance of Ballet Theatre, January 11, 1940, that the company—no matter how well-heeled as well as ably-toed—would outlive the multi-million dollar Center Theatre in which it was performing? One thousand to one? One million to one? In any case, Lloyds was not invited to wager—which is, in a sense a shame, for the pay-off might have endowed the company for eons to come.

Where the practically non-destructible stone and steel stood, now is rubble from which another Rockefeller phoenix will rise. Some of the perishable flesh and blood of the first Ballet Theatre season—such valued spirits as Michel Fokine, Cia Fornaroli Toscanini, Mikhail Mordkin, and Adolph Bolm—have died; but the idea persists, as the current fifteenth-anniversary season at the Metropolitan eloquently attests.

How well-defined the idea was remains somewhat nebulous even today, for no clear-cut, sharply-defined picture springs to the mind as it does, say, when Sadler's Wells is mentioned. In that first season Ballet Theatre provided scope for the activities of choreographers as varied as Bolm and Nijinska, the celebrated Fokine and the virtually unknown (in America) Antony Tudor, the exotic Fernandez and Dolin, the homespun Agnes de Mille and Eugene Loring. William Saroyan (the "Great American Goof") was part of it, and so was Lucius Beebe, who wrote a program commentary.

It seemed suitable then to describe it as a mingling of Theatre Street and Park Avenue (a description that would hardly be valid now). Surveying the list of principals as of 1940, one would have to conclude that a guiding thought was to give some very able native talent the opportunities they deserved under the most experienced auspices. Hardly secondary was the creation of a repertory mingling the best of what had been shown to that time by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, the American Ballet, Ballet Caravan, etc., plus some tendencies overlooked by all. It would add up, if at all possible, to something representatively American.

Some informal opinion held, back then, that the fate of Ballet Theatre was closely related to the personal aspirations of Lucia Chase, a socialite (if merely the Waterbury Clock Company rather than Chase National Bank, as some supposed) dancer previously associated with a Mordkin company. Its repertory and personnel (especially the invaluable Dimitri Romanoff) were liberally represented in the early phases of Ballet Theatre, as were Miss Chase herself, but both have faded into historical perspective. Her personal devotion to Ballet Theatre remains undiminished, though her appearances are limited in the main to such ceremonial occasions as the present anniversary season.

Actually, the fate of Ballet Theatre is much more closely related with such an aspiration as that of Nora Kaye, who may blush to admit it but is nevertheless proud to remember that she was onstage that first night in 1940. A demure, bud-on-the-bush performer then, she shared a background with such other Ballet Theatre "originals" as Alicia Alonso, John Kriza, and Jerome Robbins in the dancing ensemble of a Dwight Dere Wiman show called "Stars in Your Eyes," now remembered primarily for the music of Fritz Kreisler. It was, I recently learned from Miss Chase, this corpse which provided the Ballet Theatre *corps*. Indeed, the late Wiman was warmly devoted to Ballet Theatre in all its formative phases, providing money as well as thought to its propagation. He is fondly remembered as a founding father—along with Blevins Davis, Henry Clifford, Lawrence Langner, Newbold Morris, Charles P. Taft, John F. Wharton, A. Conger Goodyear, Mrs. S. Hallock DuPont, and others—of the Ballet Theatre Foundation, which was organized in 1947 to put a firm financial floor under the dancing feet.

Miss Kaye was born Koreff of appropriately Russian parentage in New York, and served a childhood apprenticeship in the Metropolitan Opera Ballet of the late Gatti-Casazza period. For those with a reverse gear in their memory, she might be isolated as a gnome in Respighi's "Sunken Bell" or a cupid in a "Tannhäuser" bacchanale. In her middle teens she drifted into such Broadway productions as "Virginia," "Great Lady," and the aforementioned "Stars in Your Eyes" (1939). The Radio City Music Hall occupied her for a while along the way, likewise the American Ballet.

In a sense, Miss Kaye's development synthesizes the kind of influence Ballet Theatre has had on the dance world of America in the last decade and a half. Without it, she would doubtless have come to prominence as a ballerina of exceptional physical attributes, with a latent sense of emotional projection. With it, she has realized, in such works as Tudor's "Pillar of Fire" and De Mille's "Fall River Legend" (the subject matter of the cover illustration) a truly notable range of dramatic power, as a kind of actress-in-the-dance not easy to isolate in other companies at any time. Along with it she has developed the scope to sound the comic note of "Gala Performance," while measuring herself against the classic requirements of "Giselle" and "Swan Lake," "Sylphides" and "Petrouchka." From time to time she has digressed to the fleshpots of Broadway and the enticing adventure of the New York City Ballet directed by George Balanchine, but there is little doubt where her basic identity lies.

IF MISS KAYE symbolizes the opportunity provided by Ballet Theatre for the interpretative artist, there are a half-dozen others, each of individual power and accomplishment, who symbolize its significance to the creative artist. They have, of course, come and gone—that is the way of creative activity. But at various crucial points of their careers Ballet Theatre has given wide play to the capacities of Tudor (who came here through the fortunes of war, and has enriched us enormously with his poetic spirit), Agnes de Mille, Eugene Loring, Michael Kidd, and Jerome Robbins—among many others.

Nor has it been a dead end or one-way street for any. Tudor has had high noon and sunset in a number of enterprises (such as the Met itself), but now appears in steady ascension again; Miss de Mille progressed from the early eclecticism of "Black Ritual" (done to Milhaud's "Creation of the World") to the racy vigor of "Rodeo," as prelude to her memorable part in "Oklahoma!"; and the deceptively innocent J. Robbins of the early Ballet Theatre picture-books has exploded, through a notable collaboration with Leonard Bernstein in "Fancy Free" (1944), into a theatrical syndicate now concerned with dance, now with direction, sometimes with personal performance, but always with provocative impact on his surroundings. Bernstein, too, can thank his lucky "Stars in Your Eyes" for the opportunity of "Fancy Free," which led to "On the Town" (whose Sono Osato

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was a Ballet Theatre stalwart as early as 1941) and—more recently— "Wonderful Town."

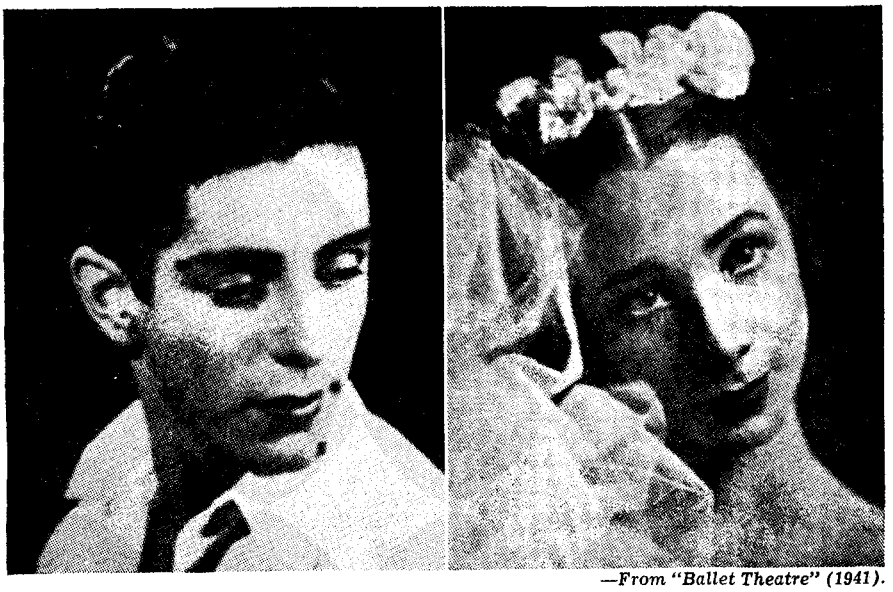
No such brief sketch as this could possibly assign suitable credit to all those who have contributed powerfully to the staying power of Ballet Theatre. In its ebb and flow—it has, after all, persisted through a war and the economic aftermaths—such people as Oliver Smith, S. Hurok (who is in again after being both in and out), Charles Paine, Antal Dorati, Sam Lurie, and too many technicians to mention have played substantial parts. Ballet Theatre's music had a high standard from the start with Alexander Smallens in charge, and the level it has maintained since is audible to all on its Capitol record repertory directed by Joseph Levine.

As a dance repertory grows and more performable ballets are acquired, the strain of maintaining quality performance all across the theatrical board naturally intensifies. Then, too, even the best ballets must be put aside from time to time, not only because a rest is good for them and the performers and the public, but also to make way for other things. Watching Antony Tudor recently restaging so great a work as his "Pillar of Fire" with a mostly veteran group of principals, and groping, mentally, for a connecting phrase that refused to come back after a five years' lapse, is to realize the special problems involved. If a poet's name, according to Keats, may be "writ in water," the dancer's art is inscribed on even less substantial air.

The value of a school related to a particular company style had a powerful demonstration in America when the Sadler's Wells company first showed the product of such training in the late Forties. Lacking governmental underwriting, Ballet Theatre could obviously not do at once everything it knew it should. In 1951, however, it organized its own school, and the benefits are already visible. Some of the most appealing new performers in the 1955 version of "Pillar of Fire" are sixteen- and seventeen-year-old products of the school. The other repertory will doubtless benefit no less.

There was much talk, when Ballet Theatre was new, about getting away from the idea of "Russian ballet," suggesting that it was a stigma on something that should have its own native identity. If I am not mistaken, there was even a falling out between Ballet Theatre and S. Hurok when the latter insisted on billing it as "the greatest in Russian ballet." However, the falling-out was as evanescent as the substance of the controversy. Whether you call it *schnecken* or Danish pastry the product must be baked fresh every day; and so it is with the ballet. The brand name is immaterial, the results everything (Miss de Mille's "Rodeo," which the Ballet Theatre borrowed in 1950, earned its place as the most genuine of native ballets in a company called the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo).

The present anniversary season provides Ballet Theatre with an opportunity to relive its past, in terms of the many great collaborators it has called back to rework creations originally designed for it, or to take roles they originally performed. It also provides a point of vantage from which it can look ahead into a future which can be even more fruitful. After fifteen years it has a repertory, a company, and a tradition of quality . . . all of which were still unknown quantities in 1940. Few privately supported ventures have endured as long in the dance world, or possessed such good reasons for enduring a great deal longer.



—*From "Ballet Theatre" (1941).*

Robbins—"deceptively innocent" . . . Kaye—"demure, bud-on-the-bush."

Ballet on LP

"THE AFTERNOON OF A FAUN" (Debussy). This popular work is abundantly represented on records, frequently as part of a larger orchestral collection. Preference should be given to the performance by Ansermet, conducting the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (L-LD 9031). The versions of Stokowski and Orchestra (V-LRM 7024) and Ormandy and the Philadelphians (C-AL 26) are also worthy considerations. All three are ten inch records—$2.98—with a minimum of extraneous matter on them.

"THE AGE OF ANXIETY" (Bernstein). There is only one recording here, but eminently authoritative: C-ML 4325. The composer conducts the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra ($3.98).

"AIDA" (Verdi). The short but flavorsome ballet music from this great opera is available in several versions. Fausto Cleva conducts the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra in a vigorous, well recorded performance on C-ML 4886 ($3.98). This disc offers the ballet music from "Faust" and several Verdi overtures as added attractions.

"EL AMOR BRUJO" (Falla). There are four contenders—all good, none really outstanding. The balletomane will probably settle on Stokowski, in view of the attractive coupling with the Borodin excerpt on V-LM 1054 ($3.98).

"APOLLON MUSAGÈTE" (Stravinsky). Victor's recording (LM 1096—Stravinsky conducting the RCA Symphony Orchestra) is of early LP vintage, but the composer's presence makes it preferable to the more modern competing version ($3.98).

"APPALACHIAN SPRING" (Copland). Koussevitzky and the Bostonians introduced this work to the concert hall and to phonophiles. The year was 1945, the date of their recording (LCT 1134), which is gracefully aging and still satisfies all except hi-fi extremists ($3.98).

"AURORA'S WEDDING" (Tchaikovsky). In one of his outstanding phonographic achievements, Stokowski (V-LM 1774) is the uncontested choice ($3.98).

"LE BAISER DE LA FÉE" (Stravinsky). The composer's stamp of authority is again a decisive factor in V-LM 1075. The sound qualities of a new Markevitch release (Angel 35143), however, may be a matter worth looking into ($4.98).

"BALLET EGYPTIAN" (Luigini). The strains of this music are more likely to emerge from a nightclub nowadays than from a ballet theatre. Not, however, as played on Victor LM-1084 by Fiedler and the Boston Pops ($3.98). Excellent sound, in spite of the low number.

"BALLET MECANIQUE" (Antheil). Carlos Surinach conducts the only recording of this work on C-ML 4956 ($4.98). It is performed by the New York Percussion Group, which hammers away on additional mechanized matter on the reverse side.

"LES BICHES" (Poulenc). Lively music, brilliantly recorded on London LL 624 by Désormière and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra ($3.98).

"BILLY THE KID" (Copland). The RCA Victor Orchestra under Leonard Bernstein (LM 1031, $3.98) tops the field. Ballet enthusiasts, however, will find many attractions in the excellent sounding rendition by Levine and the Ballet Theatre Orchestra on Capitol 8238 ($4.98). Latter is coupled with William Schuman's "Undertow."

"LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE" (Rossini-Respighi). Ansermet's performance with the London Symphony Orchestra on LL-274 is sparkling, brilliantly reproduced, and leads all other versions ($3.98).

"CAKEWALK" (Gottschalk). The New York City Ballet introduced this work in 1951. Bright music, based on minstrel melodies. Performance (Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra) and reproduction are equally excellent (Columbia ML 4616, $3.98).

"CAPITAL OF THE WORLD" (Antheil). Derivative but very colorful music, stunningly reproduced. Levine conducts the Ballet Theatre Orchestra on Capitol 8278 ($4.98).

"CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL" (Rimsky-Korsakov). There are at least six excellent choices available of this popular score. My preference leans toward London LL-694 (Ansermet and the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, $3.98). But the Ormandy/Columbia and Desormiere/Capitol versions are also distinguished.

"CARNAVAL" (Schumann-Glazounov). Of the three adequate representations of this score, Columbia's ML 4367 (Kurtz, Royal Philh. O.) rates preference. Choice is influenced to some degree by the desirable coupling with "La Boutique Fantasque" ($3.98).

"CHOUT" (Prokofiev). Golschmann and the St. Louis Symphony perform this music in a

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dynamic fashion. Outstanding reproduction on Capitol P-8257 ($4.98).

"LE CID" (Massenet). Fiedler and the Bostonians will be chosen by those who consider the overside Luigini work an extra dividend (LM 1084, $3.98). Otherwise, less expensive ($2.98) performance by Irving and the London Symphony Orchestra (LD-9089) will be just as satisfactory.

"CINDERELLA" (Prokofiev). A Sadler's Wells repertory staple, well played and adequately recorded on C-ML 4229 by the Royal Opera Orchestra under Braithwaite. It is coupled with Gordon's "The Rake's Progress" from the same repertory, under Constant Lambert.

"COPPELIA" (Delibes). Columbia ML 4145 offers the most generous representation of this popular work. (Royal Opera Orchestra led by Lambert.) London LL 846 provides a concert version with the customary abridgments. But the equally attractive suite from "Sylvia" is thrown in on the reverse side, and the sound is considerably richer. Both $3.98. Listener's choice.

"CREATURES OF PROMETHEUS" (Beethoven). Choreographers found Beethoven a hard man to work with, and, apparently, have shied away from this music ever since. It is, nevertheless, a worthy addition to any library. Concert Hall 1063 offers the complete work on two records ($9.96) by Goehr and the Winterthur Symphony. Van Beinum leads the London Philharmonic Orchestra on LL-577 in a concert version ($3.98).

"DANSES CONCERTANTES" (Stravinsky). The composer's own interpretation shares Victor LM 1075 with "Le Baiser de la Fée." (See above.)

"DAPHNIS AND CHLOE" (Ravel). The complete music of this ballet is available only on London LL-693. Ansermet and the London engineers have joined forces producing an outstanding accomplishment. There are good versions of Suites No. 1 and 2, but they are of less interest for the purposes of this compilation ($3.98).

"LES DEUX PIGEONS" (Messager). This is probably a very popular score in France. Here it is an attractive oddity, tuneful and not too important. Well played and recorded on Westminster 5412 by the orchestra of the Theatre of Champs Elysées under Bonnard ($5.95).

"DON JUAN" (Gluck). Off the beaten track of ballet repertory. Good performance and recording by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Moralt on Westminster 5028 ($5.95).

"DON QUICHOTTE" (Minkus). The composer has long been a venerable figure in the world of ballet. On records he was a total stranger until the arrival of this Fistoulari-led performance on LD 9108 ($2.98).

"FACADE" (Walton). Constant Lambert conducts a very enjoyable performance by the Philharmonia Orchestra on Columbia ML-4793. This omits the narrator, causing no regrets to ballet fanciers ($3.98).

"FACSIMILE" (Bernstein). This clever score, as well as assorted Bernsteiniana, is available on Camden 196 ($1.98), performed by the RCA Victor orchestra, the composer conducting.

"FALL RIVER LEGEND" (Gould). Music for the Ballet Theatre production (1948) founded on the Lizzie Borden story. Discmate of "Cakewalk" (ML-4616), but the orchestra is the N.Y. Philharmonic under Mitropoulos.

"FANCY FREE" (Bernstein). The Ballet Theatre produced this memorable wartime success in 1944. Its orchestra, under Levine, provides the preferred orchestral version on Cap L 8197 ($2.98).

"FAUST" (Gounod). Partisans of the ballet music from "Aida" will find these oft-recorded excerpts on ML-4886. Others may choose Epic 3030 (Fournet conducting), with attractive ballet offerings by Delibes and Rabaud in accompaniment, and be just as content ($3.98).

"FILLING STATION" (Thomson). One of the earlier American contributions to ballet repertoire. Attractively performed and recorded by Barzin and The New York City Ballet Orchestra on Vox 9050 ($5.95).

"FIREBIRD" (Stravinsky). The composer conducts his augmented version of the original edition on C-ML 4882 ($4.98). The performance is, of course, definitive. Considerably superior sound may be heard on up-to-date readings of the somewhat shorter "standard" edition. Among these the Ansermet (London LL 889) and Stokowski (Victor LM-9029) are the best choices (both $3.98).

"THE FOUR TEMPERAMENTS" (Hindemith). This is the New York City Ballet's adaptation (1948) of Hindemith's "Theme and Four Variations." The Concert Art Orchestra, Slatkin conducting, performs it on Capitol L 8228 ($2.98).

"GAITE PARISIENNE" (Offenbach). Fiedler's performance of this infectious score sparkles with the right amount of vigor and bounce (LM-1817). The recording is lush, sometimes over-brilliant. Ormandy and the Philadelphians are favored with more agreeable sound on ML 4895, but they approach the music with a somewhat heavier hand, taking it too seriously. At $3.98—with another ballet selection offered on the overside—you can't go wrong with either choice.

"GAYNE" (Khatchaturian). Recording trends being what they are, a complete, uncut version of this music should be forthcoming. Meanwhile, the well played, adequately recorded performance by the New York Philharmonic under Efram Kurtz on C-ML 4030 ($4.98) presents a good account of Suites 1 and 2.

"GISELLE" (Adam). This *paterfamilias* of the modern ballet is now available in complete form on a brand new Capitol record (P-8306) under Fistoulari's direction ($4.98). The alternate—less inclusive but less expensive—choice is Constant Lambert's reading with The Royal Opera Orchestra on Columbia ML-2117 ($2.98).

"GOLDEN AGE" (Shostakovich). The National Symphony Orchestra under Howard Mitchell provides the only, and very satisfactory, recording of this music on Westminster 5319 ($5.95). Lavish sound.

"GRADUATION BALL" (J. Strauss). This bouquet of choice Strauss melodies, arranged and orchestrated by Dorati in 1940, receives its best performance on London LL-883 by the New Symphony Orchestra under Anatole Fistoulari ($3.98).

"GOOD HUMORED LADIES" (Scarlatti-Tommasini). Vanguard 440 offers this work with an ideal companion piece (Bach-Walton: "Wise Virgins") by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Litschauer ($4.98). Desormiere's equally good, but not quite as well recorded, performance shares LL-624 with Poulenc's "Les Biches" ($3.98).

"HELEN OF TROY" (Offenbach). This lilting music was arranged and orchestrated by Antal Dorati in 1942. He conducts it, leading the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, on Victor LM-9033, in authoritative fashion ($3.98).

"L'HISTOIRE DU SOLDAT" (Stravinsky). The composer's own interpretation on a brand new Columbia record (ML 4964, $5.95) supersedes the earlier Boston Symphony recording under Leonard Bernstein (LM-1078). The latter, however, is considerably less expensive ($3.98).

"LES ILLUMINATIONS" (Britten). The score was commissioned by the New York City Ballet in 1950. Goosens leads the New Symphony Orchestra in the best performance on London LL-994 ($3.98).

"JEUX" (Debussy). Ballet annals tell us that this was the first effort to connect ballet to the modern world. Nijinsky created its choreography in 1913, in the framework of a tennis game. Best served by Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra on London LL-992 ($3.98).

"JOB" (Vaughn-Williams). The 1931 score (and standard Sadler's Wells attraction) receives an authoritative, excellently recorded performance by the London Philharmonic, under Boult, on LL-1003 ($3.98).

"METAMORPHOSES" (Hindemith). This 1952 offering of the New York City Ballet has, for its musical source, Hindemith's "Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes by Weber." It receives a sumptuous performance and recording on Mercury 50027 by the Chicago Symphony under Kubelik ($4.98).

"THE MIRACULOUS MANDARIN" (Bartok). A violent subject matter brought to life in an appropriately savage musical score. Dorati's performance on Mercury 50038, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, is the preferred version ($4.98).

"MOTHER GOOSE SUITE" (Ravel). The Sadler's Wells Ballet favors their own version entitled "The Beauty and the Beast," but the musical background is identical. London LL-388, with Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra, presents the best of the existing many possibilities ($3.98).

"LES NOCES" (Stravinsky). This wholly unconventional ballet with voices and unusual instrumentation is represented on two adequate recordings. Vanguard 452, conducted by Mario Rossi, gets the nod on sonic grounds and on its adherence to the authentic Russian text ($4.98).

"THE NUTCRACKER" (Tchaikovsky). Mercury presents the entire score of this ballet in a tempting package (OL 2-101, $22.95), well performed by Dorati and the Minneapolis Orchestra. Suites 1 and 2 (comprising the more familiar half of this music) is offered in a rendition of all-around merit by Fistoulari and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (Lon 441, $3.98). The very popular Suite No. 1, of course, is available in profusion. Stokowski's performance is glittering on Victor LM-46 ($2.98).

"LES PATINEURS" (Meyerbeer). Surprisingly enough, there are three good recorded performances available of this music. The logical choice would be LM 1817, with Fiedler conducting "Gaite Parisienne" on the overside ($3.98). For those already owning a good "Gaite," London LD 9105 (Irving and the London Symphony) will provide additional gaiety at the expense of $2.98.

"LES PETITS RIENS" (Mozart). Mozart's contribution to ballet literature is well presented by Braithwaite and the Royal Opera Orchestra on MGM 3034. ($3.98). Scarlatti's "Good Humored Ladies" is offered with it as an excellent pairing.

"PETROUCHKA" (Stravinsky). The composer's own version is incomplete and deficient in sound on Columbia ML-4047 ($3.98). Ansermet's performance on London LL-130 ($3.98) is a landmark in recorded fidelity, but the Stokowski and Mitropoulos contributions are on the same level of excellence. The public is well taken care of here.

"PILLAR OF FIRE" (Schoenberg). The musical foundation of this memorable Ballet Theatre production of 1942 is Schoenberg's "Verklaerte Nacht." The best orchestral performance is to be found on Columbia ML 4316 by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra ($3.98). The composer's original scoring for sextet is available on Capitol P-8304 ($4.98).

"PINEAPPLE POLL" (Sullivan). Delightful, rollicking score, arranged by Mackerras from Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The orchestration is reminiscent of the Offenbach-Rosenthal "collaboration." The Sadler's Wells Orchestra plays under the direction of Mackerras on Columbia ML 4439 in a zestful performance ($3.98).

"PRINCE IGOR" (Borodin). The familiar "Polovtsian Dances" will be the reward of those who buy Stokowski's performance of "El Amor Brujo" (LM 1054). For those seeking a more appropriate all-Russian coupling, Mitropoulos and the N.Y. Philharmonic may provide the answer on Columbia ML-4815. Both at $3.98.

"PULCINELLA" (Stravinsky). One of the few instances where the composer's welcome presence has been aided by modern engineering. Stravinsky conducts the complete work as performed by the Cleveland Orchestra on Columbia ML-4830 ($5.95).

"RAYMONDA" (Glazounov). Attractive, well sounding performance on Capitol P 8184 by The Paris Philharmonic Orchestra under Rosenthal ($4.98).

"THE RED POPPY" (Gliere). Scherchen's performance with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra on Westminster 7001 is lavish in sound as well as in price ($7.50). Vanguard 432 (Fayer cond.) is more modest in every respect, but more than adequate ($4.98).

"RED SHOES" (Easdale). A good film score, still well remembered, pleasingly paired with Lambert's ballet score "Horoscope." Good performance by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Mathieson; adequate reproduction (ML-2083. $2.98).

"RODEO" (Copland). The Ballet Theatre Orchestra, under Levine, offers a fine performance of this lively score, appropriately coupled with Bernstein's "Fancy Free" on Capitol P-8196 ($4.98).

"LE SACRE DE PRINTEMPS" (Stravinsky). Stravinsky's provocative music is copiously served on LP. Buyers of the composer's own "Firebird" will find "Sacre" on the reverse side of ML-4882 ($4.98). Perceptive interpretation and superior sound characterize Victor LM-1149 (Monteux-Boston Symphony.) Sound values are even more exciting on Ansermet's version on London LL-303 ($3.98) or Steinberg's contribution on Capitol P-8254 ($4.98).

"SCHEHEREZADE" (Rimsky-Korsakov). This has been a strong ballet entry ever since the initial Diaghilev production of 1910. Its LP representation is, of course, extensive enough to drive a compiler dizzy. A convenient solution is, then, to list two personal preferences: Dorati and the Minneapolis Orchestra on Mercury 50009 ($4.98) and Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra on Columbia ML-4888 ($5.95). The less expensive Victor LM-1002 (Monteux) is every bit as good as these, lacks only their superior sound ($3.98).

"SCOTCH SYMPHONY" (Mendelssohn). Balanchine's ballet adaptation utilizes the last three movements of Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3. Mitropoulos's performance with the N.Y. Philharmonic on ML-4864 may not be accepted unquestioningly on musical grounds. But it is superbly recorded and, at $3.98, with the "Reformation" Symphony thrown in, presents an irresistible bargain.

"SCUOLA DI BALLO" (Boccherini-Francaix). Delightful orchestration of the elegant Boccherini melodies. The recording by Dorati and the London Philharmonic Orchestra is a little dated, but still enjoyable (C-RL 3043, $2.98).

"SEBASTIAN" (Menotti). A new recording of this work under Stokowski's leadership has just appeared, to supersede the existing Mitropoulos version on Columbia ML-2053 ($2.98).

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" (Tchaikovsky). The problem of choice here is a rather pleasant one,

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and depends on the extent of this music one wishes to own. The entire score is available on an excellent London set (LL-636/637, Fistoulari conducting) which seems like a wise choice at $7.96. Stokowski committed a generous portion of the score on a single disc (V-LM 1010, $3.98), the sound of which belies its age. Sound of the highest quality is heard on the expertly performed but abbreviated versions by Karajan and the Philharmonia Orchestra (Ang 35006, $4.98) and the Philadelphians under Ormandy (C-ML 4729, $3.98). Both of these feature very appropriate couplings.

"LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE" (Weber). The music is the well-known "Invitation to the Dance," as orchestrated by Berlioz. Of the several versions available, which are about evenly matched musically, London LD 9108 offers the best sound ($2.98).

"SWAN LAKE" (Tchaikovsky). As it may be expected, there are choices here to suit all tastes. For the Tchaikovsky specialist who happens to be comfortably financed there is a *complete* recording of the work by Mercury on a set of three records ($22.98). Dorati and the Minneapolis Orchestra play very well, and the engineering is spectacular. London's claim of completeness for their two-record set (LL 565/566; $7.96) may be open to debate. However, it contains all that is interesting in the score, and the performance, under Fistoulari's direction, is enhanced by excellent sound. For those who are satisfied with a good 50 minutes of highlights, there is an excellent bargain on V-LBC 1064 ($2.98). Irving conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra here in a delightful performance that holds its own with higher-priced competing versions in every way.

"LES SYLPHIDES" (Chopin). The best values of this pleasant but unexciting music may be found on London LL-884. Désormière conducts the Paris Conservatory Orchestra here ($3.98). The overside is given to Ibert's Divertissement, which, if not yet choreographed, certainly ought to be.

"SYLVIA" (Delibes). The best choices are indicated above under the heading of "Coppelia."

"SYMPHONY IN C" (Bizet). This charming music has served two distinctly different choreographic ventures. The Balanchine version retains its original title. The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet performs it under the title of "Assembly Ball." All things considered, Stokowski's excellent performance on Victor LM-1706, paired very attractively with the two "L'Arlesienne" suites, is the preferred choice ($3.98).

"THE THREE-CORNERED HAT" (Falla). There are several good versions of the popular dances from this ballet. However, London LL-598 provides a superb rendition of the complete work by Ansermet and the Orchestra de la Suisse Romande, backed by excellent sound ($3.98).

"TILL EULENSPIEGEL" (R. Strauss). This remarkably descriptive score has inspired two recent ballet conceptions by Babilee and Balanchine. On records the music is strongly represented. This corner leans toward Clemens Krauss's account of it (with the Vienna Philharmonic) on London LL-233 ($3.98). Ormandy's lower priced version on Columbia AL-46 ($2.98) is also very attractive.

"UNDERTOW" (Schuman). See "Billy the Kid," above.

"LA VALSE" (Ravel). It is worth remembering here that Ravel called this work a "choreographic poem." Ansermet's reading on London LL-1156 is a gem ($3.98), but the lower-priced Munch-Boston Symphony disc on LRM-7016 is not to be overlooked ($2.98).

"WESTERN SYMPHONY" (Kay). This lively featherweight contender shares billing on Vox 9050 with Thomson's "Filling Station" described above.

"WILLIAM TELL" (Rossini). This opera has everything, including ballet. All it lacks is performance. Meanwhile a worthwhile entertainment is offered on MGM 3028 by Braithwaite and the Royal Opera Orchestra ($3.98). The record also includes, most felicitously, the Rossini-Britten "Matinées" and "Soirées Musicales."

"WISE VIRGINS" (Bach-Walton). Good performance and bright recording on Vanguard 440 by Litschauer and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra ($4.98).

ANTHOLOGIES. There are two attractive anthologies designed for ballet fanciers who would prefer to get their feet wet rather than immerse themselves in the choreographic sea. Angel's contribution is entitled "Homage a Diaghileff" (Ang 3518C—$17.85). While performing its indicated purpose, the Philharmonia Orchestra under Markevitch presents a well-chosen representation of the international repertory. Victor's similarly elaborate and impressive package (LM-6113—$11.98) provides more conventional ballet fare in the interpretations of Toscanini, Monteux, Stokowski, Munch, and Fiedler. (Three records each.)

—GEORGE JELLINEK.

Concerning José Limón

By NORMA STAHL

IN COMMON with other performing arts (such as singing) which depend on bodily resources, it is the dancer's tragedy to attain full powers of expressiveness just as physical prowess begins to decline. The development of the modern dance, however, has turned up some gratifying exceptions, of whom Martha Graham—now in her fourth decade before the public—is perhaps the most famous, and the Mexican-born José Limón, at a relatively youthful forty-seven, might well be another.

Limón's unique quality is in fact a quality of youth. It is passion. Joyful or sorrowful, erotic or spiritual, he moves in a realm of super-emotions. His style, always with the suggestion of something Spanish, combines the elegance of some kingly being with a primitive, crouching strength. In anger his arm cleaves rock. In pride his carriage stretches to a matador's arrogance. In despair his fall is annihilation that leaves him twisted and broken-necked. In love the word is made flesh. The arm falls like a barricade across the woman's body; the hands are newborn—awkward, tender, concave.

In his artistic development Limón differs from most modern dancers in several important respects. He came late into a field whose members are often artistically precocious: not until he was twenty did he begin to study dance. After his apprenticeship in the Humphrey-Weidman dance group, he followed the pattern of many modern dancers in establishing himself as an independent performing artist. This is the point of danger at which many young dancers, more eager than ready to set themselves up as choreographers, suffer setbacks, if not total eclipse. Limón, though his choreography has never consistently measured up to his dancing, has nevertheless grown in reputation and power since establishing his own company. The reason for this is perhaps the most important and unique aspect of his career: his willingness to accept direction from a highly gifted choreographer—Doris Humphrey—who herself no longer dances, and whose creative efforts are now almost entirely centered upon Limón and his company.

The result of the collaboration has been a series of extraordinary dance characterizations. They are depictions of the male, especially the strong, manly man—moving grandly, passionately, arrested in his sweeping course only by a woman. It is perhaps a woman's vision that has been realized, just as Heathcliff and Rochester were, novelistically, women's romantic visions of men. Yet Limón, a romantic himself who—the story goes—gave up his intended career in art because people no longer painted like El Greco, is earnestly devoted to portraying this vision.

One of the earliest heroic roles created for Limón by Miss Humphrey is in "Lament for Ignazio Sanchez Mejias," in which Limón is the brave bullfighter. In retrospect, it serves as a kind of manifesto of the collaboration, and an indication of what was to follow. The characterization is based

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on Lorca and might as easily have been by Hemingway. Ignazio dies (a "good death") valiant in the bull ring, mourned by women. The severely updrawn torso, the taut loins, the Spanish pride, the strength and beauty of Ignazio have gone a long way toward earning Limón the reputation of personifying in dance the utmost in masculinity.

More of these qualities, intensified to the point almost of brutality, are seen in "Ritmo Jondo," where the setting is again Spain. The entire dance, including its musical and visual setting, stresses the opposing rhythms of men and women. The symbolism of the set is neatly divided between the sexes: a pattern of undulating curves is placed alongside a series of towering verticals. In Carlos Surinach's score, based on traditional gypsy music, the violent, percussive theme —including some intricate hand-clapping which is written into the score—is used for the male dancers; the quieter, more reflective theme for the women. Limón, as leader of the men, spurs them to break in upon the sanctity of the shawled women and then makes off, leaving desolation.

In "Day on Earth" the man's lusty strength is sweetened by love. He tills the soil, has a happy interlude with a young girl (although the Copland Piano Concerto sets such a frenetic pace that the playfulness of the dance patterns is somewhat blurred), and takes a wife. At the end man, wife, and young love symbolically lie down together, presided over by the figure of the child, who is the inheritor of their joy and sorrow. A special appeal is lent to the tone of this work by the naiveté which Limón maintains throughout, accepting all with a humble simplicity.

AN INTERESTING, perhaps significant departure from the scheme of the collaboration is seen in Miss Humphrey's recent "Ruins and Visions." For the first time since the beginning of that collaboration her work is built not around Limón's talents, but rather around those of Pauline Koner, who is one of the finest female dramatic dancers on the stage and who appears with the company as guest artist.

Briefly, the "plot" of this dance-drama concerns a possessive mother and her overprotected son who insulate themselves against the world until death awakens them to life. The violins in high register of the opening section of the Benjamin Britten String Quartet No. 1 suggest, in this context, an eerie quality. Miss Koner's intensity as the mother expresses to perfection the double sense of the adjective in Spender's line, "O . . . mask of weeded motherhood. . . ." She is the mateless mother who has rooted everything out save her obsession for her son.

Limón's role here is one that is essentially alien to him. Cast in a theatre scene as an actor in a dance-within-a-dance, an extra dimension is inserted between the audience and dancer. The exaggerated gesture of melodrama mocks his best efforts to be what he so brilliantly is in other roles—a real, important, subjective person. One is disappointed because the role allows nothing for his unique stage personality.

To what extent, then, does the development of Limón's career depend upon the collaboration with Doris Humphrey? It is important to look at some of the dances of Limón's own composing and to ask how they measure up as vehicles for his magnificent style of dance. One work—"The Moor's Pavanne," based on Shakespeare's "Othello"—is as nearly perfect an expression as a dance can be. Beneath the polished surface of the pre-classic court dance which Limón devised as framework, greed, jealousy, hate, and love seethe and struggle against the form. The graceful courtliness of the steps gives way to sinister irony as suspicions grow and hypocrisy masks itself in convention. Each return to the close circle is done with increasing tension until finally surface forms break apart, revealing the consummation of the tragedy. In slow agony, the Moor enfolds the body of his dead wife; his arms curve about her head, the hands look broken. Iago and Emilia pull away from the scene, crouched like beasts.

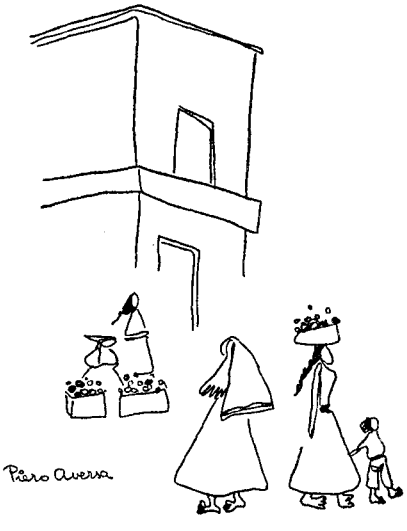
With or without set and spoken lines (which have been included in one TV showing), the theatre work masterfully unites all other elements: the brilliant choreography to Purcell's music; the excruciatingly aware performance by the dancers of this tiny company — Limón as Othello, Betty Jones as Desdemona, Lucas Hoving as Iago, and Pauline Koner as Emilia; and the magnificent Renaissance costumes by Pauline Lawrence done in rich purple and orange velvets, through which Desdemona's white gown blows like petals before a storm.

In "La Malinche" Limón has used his blood-knowledge to create a moving dance of Mexican peasants re-enacting the agony of the time of the Conquistador. In "Ode to the Dance," however, one feels that the bullfighter buried at the core of Limón's being—perhaps it is the ghost of Miss Humphrey's Ignazio—fights to take control, making the dance framework seem puny by comparison and giving Limón the air of a character in search of a dance-play. Limón's "Exiles," the flight of Adam and Eve from Paradise, and "Visitation," the story of the Annunciation, also suffer from ghosts. Adam and Joseph seem largely to be sentimentalized facsimiles of masculine roles created by Miss Humphrey. And Limón's penchant for casting himself in Biblical roles, carried through to his newest work, "The Traitor," often does not bring with it sufficient fresh insight to illuminate literal details already so well known.

OF all the dances that Limón has endowed with his particular fire, it is "The Moor's Pavanne" which most fully contains the tremendous and moving passions he can bring to dance. In it qualities akin to those of the Moor himself come to light: the rugged strength that can be gentled to tenderness, the peculiar mixture of primitiveness and elegance, the resistant Spanish grace, the too-muchness of a passionate soul that tends to overflow but struggles with touching earnestness to confine itself within communicable proportions.

The main trouble with the dances that do not quite come off, one feels, is that Limón has not caught the gist of what is best in himself. What he has instead caught is a reflection of himself, glinting at him from Miss Humphrey's many-faceted mirrors. Who can blame him if he has been dazzled by the reflection?

Yet the rich source of that reflection is seen over and over in Limón's performances. He is now at the height of his performing powers. Perhaps his creative promise will one day provide more works that are equal to his unique dancing abilities. The problem will then be whether his physical powers are up to the demands of his creation. For the enduring paradox is that the maturing dancer must be able to express the wisdom of age with the vitality of youth.



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Fonteyn's "Firebird"

By FERNAU HALL

THE most important event in the English dance world for many years was the revival by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the last Edinburgh Festival of the original production of "The Firebird," with Margot Fonteyn in the title role. She was rehearsed in the part by Karsavina (who created it for Fokine in 1910), and aroused the greatest enthusiasm in audiences; but her Firebird differed violently from the tender and beneficent creature made familiar in the last three decades by Danilova and others, and stirred up a passionate controversy. Since the Sadler's Wells Ballet will be bringing "The Firebird" to America this fall, Americans will soon be able to make up their own minds about Fonteyn's interpretation.

Of all the critics who watched the première of the revival last August, only Cyril Beaumont (elderly, very distinguished English ballet historian) had seen the original production with Karsavina before the First World War, and accordingly his review in *The Sunday Times* carried a great deal of weight. Soberingly, he damned every aspect of Fonteyn's interpretation: dancing too brilliant, arm movements too writhing, make-up too exotic, and so on.

For me, Fonteyn's interpretation was perfect: it brought to life a thousand details of choreography which before meant nothing, and the variety of moods she expressed was breathtaking. But I could not tell how close it was to the original; to find out, I talked to Karsavina.

She told me that the choreography had altered a great deal as the role passed from one dancer to another in the absence of the choreographer, and that she had taught Fonteyn the original version, just as Fokine had taught it to her. Since this role represented a new world to Fonteyn, she had great difficulty at first; but eventually she mastered it, and danced it superbly, interpreting it exactly in accordance with Fokine's conception. This was derived from Russian fairy tales, which have been much influenced by the mythology of Persia and India, and so the role is essentially exotic.

I published this interview in the magazine *Ballet Today*. A few weeks later the Sadler's Wells Ballet reached Covent Garden and presented the revived "Firebird" for the first time in London. Cyril Beaumont, ignoring what Karsavina had said about Fokine's intentions, wrote a further article in which he condemned Fonteyn's interpretation in almost the same words as before; but he took up one of the phrases Karsavina had used in the interview ("a bird of prey"), and attacked Fonteyn for showing the Firebird in this guise—in spite of the fact that this was how Fokine described the role to Karsavina.

Naturally this angered Karsavina. She replied with a Letter to the Editor in *The Sunday Times* in which she took full responsibility for Fonteyn's interpretation, quoted word-for-word a number of instructions given her by Fokine, and ended with a splendid outburst: "If Mr. Beaumont doubts the accuracy of my memory after twenty years of frequent appearance in this part, he must perhaps concede me some knowledge of Russian folklore and enough artistic integrity not to distort the ideas of Fokine."

—*Houston Roger.*

"Fonteyn's taste is infallible."

Beaumont replied the following week, expressing regret for causing distress to Karsavina, but stating that if (as Karsavina claimed) the Firebird was supposed to be a bird of prey, she had not given that impression herself. To support this statement he quoted extracts from a book written by himself (published in 1940) and from older books by Benois and Svetlov. (In fact, these quotations established only that Karsavina had been very pathetic at the moment the Firebird was captured by Ivan Tsarevich; they did not conflict with what Karsavina had said about the role.)

Karsavina's "Firebird" has become a legend in England, and Beaumont's letter suggesting that she had either misunderstood the role or danced it wrongly drew a large number of letters of protest. The Editor published only two—from Anton Dolin and Keith Lester. The latter stated that when he worked under Fokine in 1932 on a revival of "The Firebird" in Buenos Aires Fokine taught Spessivtseva to interpret the role exactly as described by Karsavina.

Just before the close of the Diaghilev Exhibition in London, early in January, Karsavina gave a talk there on the Fokine ballets. By this time the "Firebird" controversy was the talk of the town, and half London seemed to be trying to squeeze its way into the lecture room. When Karsavina came to talk about "The Firebird" she went to some trouble to make clear its basis in Russian fairytales, and explained that this ballet broke fresh ground in treating fairytales without adulteration, preserving all their ruthlessness, vigor, and exotic flavor. She did not mention Beaumont, but the glint in her eye could not be misunderstood.

Fonteyn's reaction to this controversy was very interesting. Instead of making her Firebird less ferocious she made it more so, and in the scene where she expressed anger developing into triumphant rage as she forced the demons to dance the effect was overwhelming. She broke clean away from the European classical tradition, breathing heavily and working her mouth like a wild beast. If any other dancer had done such things the result might have been appalling, but her taste is infallible, and the effects were quite in harmony with the exotic style of the role, being similar to effects used in corresponding circumstances by the classical Kathakali dancers of South India.

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A SWISS MOVEMENT IN MUSIC

ASSUMING that sooner or later someone had to write the kind of "Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra" which the Swiss-born Rolf Liebermann produced for last year's Donaueschingen Festival, it is just as well that it happened sooner. For now it is still 1955, it has been played in New York by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos following an American premiere in Chicago in November (the Sauter-Finegan band "assisted" in each instance), and our composers can go back to their worktables confident that no major upheaval impends.

Liebermann is, of course, a clever craftsman, to the extent indeed that one is more taken by his ability to express himself in the twelve-tone idiom than in the jazz one. Esthetically he reminds one of those people who put together montages of paint, bits of glass, a swatch or two of cloth, and call the melange "art." All he has failed to reckon with is that the brittle timbre of four trumpets and as many trombones played in the American jazz way are destined to dominate any tonal pattern in which they occur.

Whatever else it accomplished, the performance of the red-coated jazz ensemble (Sauter-Finegan were the two gentlemen in dinner jackets who kept score or something as the work was being played) introduced more than a few of the Philharmonic's audience to the special kind of virtuosity they command. Mitropoulos had the good sense, as well as the indoctrination in the idiom, to give the capable jazzmen their head often enough to make the results more spontaneous than would have seemed possible. The final, brilliantly-scored "Mambo" brought waves of applause for the red-coats, led by their admiring onstage colleagues in tails.

The week's Swiss movement wound up with the introduction by the Collegiate Chorale of "Isaiah's Vision," an evening-length oratorio by the Berne-born Willy Burkhard. Paul Sacher, the respected conductor of the Basel Kammerorchester, was brought to New York for the occasion, adding to Ralph Hunter's preparation of the Chorale an authoritative acquaintance with the work, which dates from the mid-Thirties.

It is unquestionably imposing in its conception, and carried through with unflagging zeal. I could not, however, confess enthusiasm for the tonal language. Moreover, the repeated G's and A's which tenor Thomas Lloyd Leech was called upon to sing in the prologue did not augur well for Burkhard's use of the voice. Much of the writing that followed was more suitable to tubes of brass than chords of flesh, especially the writing for the bass, sung by Lee Cass. Valarie Lamoree was the soprano, with a particularly difficult line to sing in "They on the Lord that do call," in which, for no deducible reason, the accent fell on "do."

IT HAS long seemed to me a reasonable proposition—in these days of high scenic costs—that operas with a common locale could profitably use some basic scenery interchangeably. Actually, the Met has done something of the sort with its "Boris"-Khovantschina" and the two versions of Abbe Prevost's *novelle*, but the City Center went all out for the proposition with its recent staging of Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," in virtually the identical setting of its "Falstaff."

To judge from its standing in the German-speaking countries, "Merry Wives" is a comedy classic, and it is always profitable to encounter a classic, regardless of the binding it wears. From the first pages of the familiar overture on one could see the outlines of a magnificent comic opera in this derivation from Shakespeare. Unfortunately, it is the score written by Verdi with Boito's aid, rather than Nicolai's.

However, the latter's music has ample charm and, if it sometimes sounds a mite naive in the plot structure more familiar in the later usage, it makes its melodic points surely and with reasonable dispatch. Joseph Rosenstock's sophisticated direction of the overture—not always honored in the execution of the orchestra—bespoke a familiarity with the score not shared by the singers. There were vivacity and vocal skill in some personnel, of which the most of both was contributed by Phyllis Curtin as Mistress Ford. A few more performances may give her the assurance she requires. Jon Crain lifted his light tenor voice appealingly in the music of Fenton, and Leon Lishner (Page). Edith Evans (Mistress Page), and William Wilderman (Falstaff) also promised well. As Ford, William Shriner, a singer not previously

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known to me, showed a striking presence and a promising light voice.

Considering all the problems involved, Vladimir Rosing's stage direction was artfully planned and well-realized in the limited area available. Altogether this venture merits attention from those who wonder both why it is given or why it isn't given.

Inasmuch as most of the music Pinkerton has to sing in Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" occurs in Act I, Mario del Monaco's recent appearance in this much of the score (in the course of a mixed bill of Puccini and J. Strauss) suggested many reasons why he should be called upon more often for the part at the Met. He looks well (save for a premature whiteness of hair) and he sings the music with an easy command of its lyric line as well as abundant reserve power for the climaxes. Indeed, it is hard to remember a tenor since the war who has given one such a sense of assurance and pleasure in the music. Victoria de los Angeles was also a gratifying Butterfly to the ear, though she is more than a little plump for the ex-geisha. For those who might have wondered, it was Pietro Cimara conducting, not Fausto Cleva.

ON THE strength of his two latest appearances in New York with the Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan is clearly entitled to add V. C. to his name, though not meaning Victoria Cross, but Virtuoso Conductor. After a month in his care, the orchestra had a lightness of sound, a keenness of response rather different than it had in Washington in late February. Along with the results went a freedom of gesture, especially with the audience (left) hand, that more than justified the designation Karajan, V. C.

Nevertheless it was engrossing to hear Karajan's treatment of Samuel Barber's "Adagio for Strings," beautifully phrased by the Berlin strings. The mood, as it emerged on this occasion, was something akin to the prelude to Act III of "Die Meistersinger." Now, if he would only write an opera to go with it, we would all be gratified. The program also offered a Blacher novelty, entitled "Concertante Music," an op. 10 that predates his recent "advanced" tendencies. A rather brief work that traces a contrapuntal design to a powerfully orchestrated climax, it added to a gush of sound controlled by Karajan with a subtlety rarely matched in this hall since the golden days of Stokowski, Koussevitzky, and Toscanini. A broadly dramatic "Leonore No. 3" began and a rather overstressed Tchaikovsky No. 5 concluded. —I. K.

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THE AUTHORS

Charles W. Coulter in 1935 joined the University of New Hampshire with which he is still affiliated. He is the author of a sociological text, has written on human relations and is also a noted anthropologist.

Richard S. Rimanoczy is known for his ability to translate the scholar to the layman. As Editorial Director of the American Economic Foundation, he has co-authored a distinguished group of economic writings that have sold over a million copies.

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Fiction

Continued from page 16

souls, first, second, and steerage class, for New York. Heavy seas cause the coal-ports to leak and the fire-rooms get awash. The pumps are choked and the pressure drops. It is impossible to keep her fires going. Yet, in spite of her condition, Captain Godde answers the call from a disabled Italian freighter, gets his ship across big waves, and, because of his disabled engine, is unable to right her. Lifeboats spill hundreds of passengers into the sea, the *Canope* capsizes, but Godde is saved along with his second mate, by a sister ship, the *Virginia*. We hear all this in a conversation between the second mate of the *Canope* and the captain of the *Virginia*. Just why a commander permits a second mate to tell the story while the captain is actually on board—in fact, is overhearing much of it—is something that makes no sense to this reviewer. In fact there are so many technical puzzles in this book that there is no space to enumerate them. These, it is true, may be the result of the translation from the French, a serious hazard which any European novelist must face. Famous writers are lucky in this regard: they get the good ones. Small fry are less fortunate. Their books often come to us "translated" in the sense that Quince uses the word when he describes Bottom—and that is what apparently has happened to Mr. Peisson's novel. —WILLIAM MCFEE.

COMING OF AGE IN PARIS: The hero of Peggy Mann's first novel, **"A Room in Paris"** (Doubleday, $3.95), is a veteran of Normandy, St. Lo, and Bastogne who is financing his art classes on the G.I. Bill. But he is kin to the expatriate of the Twenties, having a beard, a cold room, and a contempt for America. In the Parisian cafes he talks art, soul, freedom, and love, and then love comes into his life in the form of one Janet Welles, a clean, clear-eyed girl with a job in Washington and with a temporary ECA assignment in France. His feeling for Janet forces hero Stanley to face some realities he does not want to face: his inadequate talent and his retreat into a world where being a failure does not show. Ultimately he shaves off the beard, sheds the pose, and comes back home a better man. As a look at American bohemians in Paris, Miss Mann's story rings true, a fact which is a pretty good accomplishment for a first novel.

—LUCILLE SCHULBERG.

TRIBULATIONS OF A TAR: Anne de Tourville is one of those newcomers to fiction who has won attention and, inevitably, one of the hundred or so literary prizes bestowed every year upon one or another of the French novelists. Her "Wedding Dance," a weird tale of Breton folklore, was remarkable for its exotic fantasy and its delicate poetry. **"The Innocent Sailor"** (translated by Mervyan Savill; Farrar, Straus, $3.50) is less spontaneous and less natural in tone and its strangeness is too contrived. But it has vivid moments of description, of tornadoes and shipwrecks, and it recreates with real power the violent storms rocking a sailor's heart. Hero Yves Gaël is a Breton sailor whose father was lost at sea and who, along with his numerous brothers and sisters, was kept from the sea by his distressed mother until temptation proved too strong. At sea he retains a strange purity of heart amid drunken sailors, preserves his memory of an orphan girl whom he had once helped, and, between voyages, marries a naive, childlike girl, who has previously been engaged to his own brother. But he is unable to stick with her because of his wanderlust. In the end, wearied and aged, he again meets the orphan girl (now a widow), and, his own wife having died of grief, he marries again and reaches a serene old age.

Anne de Tourville is clearly more at home in fairy tales and Celtic witchcraft than in the modern world. Although her new novel takes place in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, it is steeped in an atmosphere of poverty and of naivete which is medieval. The women characters, let alone the male ones, have little convincingness: they are all too pale and fairylike and meek—mere pretexts for the sailor's reveries. But young readers thirsty for adventure (and older ones who do not demand logical continuity or psychological depth) will probably be entertained, perhaps even fascinated, by "The Innocent Sailor." —HENRI PEYRE.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE TRAGEDY AT ROAD-HILL HOUSE *Yseult Bridges* (Rinehart: $3.50)	Full-length treatment of famous Constance Kent case (England, 1860); logical new solution offered.	Did 16-year-old miss cut 4-year-old step-brother's throat; Inspector Which-et said yes.	Devotees will eat it up.
DANGERLINE *T. Morris Longstreth* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Penn. farm youth on Berlin visit finds pal in Reds' hands; beards bears in den.	Adult, fast-moving yarn will also appeal to alert teen-agers.	Lively and intelligent.
BURNT OFFERING *Richard and Frances Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Capt. Heimrich, NY state police, attends town-meeting, fire; crisp corpse raises doubts.	Setting, characters sound: action smooth, with loud payoff.	In the groove.
A KIND OF MISFORTUNE *Richard Parker* (Scribner: $2.75)	Delayed-fuse murder (p. 134) dithers whimsical population of English village.	Entertainment content high, but profusion of characters is mild nuisance.	Plus mark.
THE SILVER COBWEB *Ben Benson* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	Ralph Lindsey, nice Mass. state trooper, nabs killer in Chap. I; plenty action left.	Usual air of competence, authenticity; could do without love angle.	Superior.
FALSE COLORS *Richard Powell* (S&S: $2.50)	Phila. art dealer's nose for phony pix brings smell of trouble, killings.	Customary urbanity and zip in this highly pigmented number.	Jolly and jaunty.
DEATH IN LILAC TIME *Frances Crane* (Random: $2.75)	Gadding Abbotts (Pat, Jean) pause in Kentucky long enough to solve murders.	Highway cops do heavy work; first-to-third person shift unhappy.	So-so.
NO THOROUGHFARE *Denise Egerton* (Coward-McCann: $3)	Cornish village scene of look-alike substitution to lay family ghost.	Hero's blindness a factor; eavesdropping abounds.	Too much luggage.
THE BEST OF THE PIPS *Various authors* (Baker St. Irregs., RFD 1, Morristown, N.J.: $3.50)	Papers (and poems even) glossing text of Sherlock Holmes's feats, 15 contributions strong.	Noble addition to growing literature of studies of the master.	Tops for specialists.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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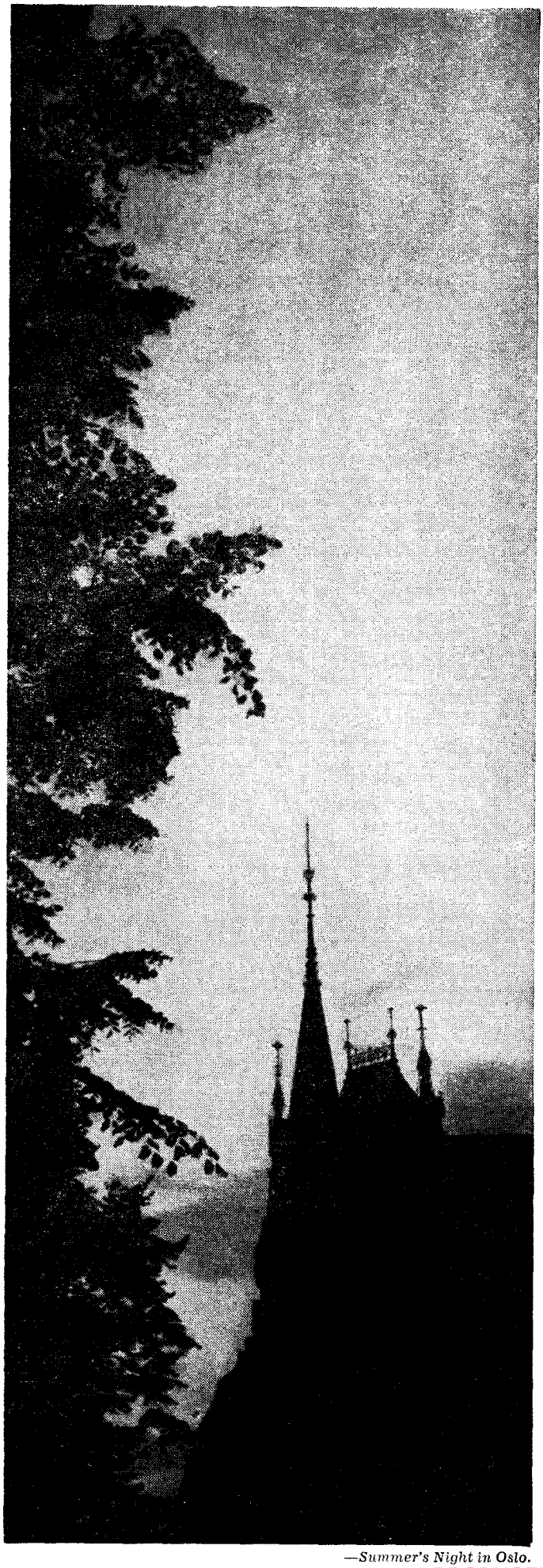

—*Summer's Night in Oslo.*

EUROPE '55

A PORTFOLIO FOR PASSENGERS

EDITED BY HORACE SUTTON

If things stay tranquil with Mao and The Market by mid-July there won't be anybody left on this side of the Atlantic to feed the cat.

For all the emigrants bound for the far side we've prepared a fifteen-page portfolio of fact and folderol. Turning the page you will find short takes by Inez Robb, whose daily column for United Features Syndicate appears in 108 papers; by Dennis McEvoy, former executive of *Reader's Digest* International Editions; by Helen MacInnes, author of the Swiss-set mystery "Pray for a Brave Heart"; by British comedienne Hermione Gingold; by Mogens Lind, who is feature editor of *Berlingske Tidende,* Copenhagen's largest; by William Harlan Hale, historian and former press attaché of our Embassy in Vienna; and by John Steinbeck and Jerome Weidman. I'm sure you know them.

We've also collected some postcards from famous people long since deceased, and there is added intelligence on what to do until the *médecin* comes, and what you can expect to find in a cupboard on a Wagon-Lit.

Venice anyone?

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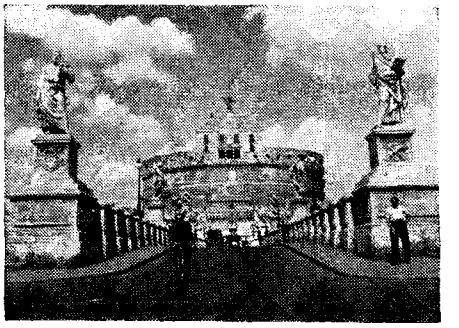
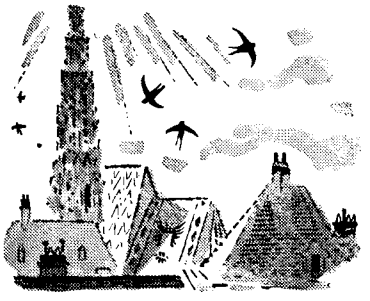
CAPITAL ROUNDUP



WITH

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE IN VIENNA
JEROME WEIDMAN IN ROME
JOHN STEINBECK IN PARIS
HERMIONE GINGOLD IN LONDON
INEZ ROBB IN BERLIN
DENNIS McEVOY IN MADRID
HELEN MacINNES IN BERN
MOGENS LIND IN SCANDINAVIA



Vienna:

ALL Austria is divided into three parts: scenery in the West, Soviets in the East, and in the middle the enclave of Vienna where five nations mingle (the fifth being Austria) along Francis Joseph's imperial avenues, which significantly go in circles.

For the tourist there are only two don'ts in Vienna. Don't photograph glum Soviet soldiery—they all look alike anyway—and don't try to push past the Red guards in front of their requisitioned Grand Hotel to try to enter it for a drink at the bar, just because your great-aunt had one there many years before.

Avoid the Grand Hotel. Try the Sacher, once the playground of the Hapsburgs and since restored to their memory with American-aid gilt and plumbing that works. Put yourself into the right mood for the day by listening to the morning corner band-concert of waltzes played by blatting but enthusiastic aged street-musicians. Then "second breakfast" at the Cafe Mozart around the corner to watch some of Europe's major black-marketeers in operation; lunch on the terrace of the Kursalon (more black-marketeers); try the world's best coffee at Deml's in the Kohlmarkt (chiefly aristocrats who can't afford lunch); drive to the top of the nearby Kahlenberg (view into Czechoslovakia and Hungary from vine-banked tables where the local wine tastes better than it is); then descend for a Mozart opera staged on the classic terrace of Schoenbrunn palace, and a wind-up supper of *Tafelspitz mit Apfelkrem* by candlelight in the back room of the Lindenkeller downtown.

Vienna is music and militarism oddly mixed. Try to arrive before July 1 to hear the last of the season's Mozart, and stay over for the unique first-of-the-month Allied parade, in which East and West compete with pipe-clay, gala, skirling bag-pipes, and bayonets before the gaping populace. Then take a final whirl on the giant ferris-wheel in the Prater —whose attendants still reserve cars for amorous couples and leave them dangling in mid-air while they stop the rotating machinery and go out for a drink—and, after that, proceed to your scenery, your Salzburg, your Alps, and a diet less heady than that of the mid-Danube.

—WILLIAM HARLAN HALE.

Rome:

SOME people attribute it all to Romulus and Remus. Others give much of the credit to Hadrian and his passion for architecture. There are those to whom none of it added up to a hill of beans (much less seven of them) until Michelangelo came along and sketched the Sistine Chapel. All I can say is: they don't know the half of it. Only Anonymous does. He said Rome wasn't built in a day, and it certainly wasn't.

The job took a little less than an hour, and it was all done on a moonlit night, between one o'clock and two in the morning, during my first visit to Italy.

We came down from Assisi on a late afternoon bus that was supposed to get us into Rome in time for dinner. But there was motor trouble at Marsciano, and tire trouble in Narni, and driver trouble near Ronciglione, and when finally—filthy, exhausted, and irritable—we set foot on the pavement of what had once been the capital of the world it was long past midnight and, for all we cared, it could have been Newark.

"Come," said Nino.

He was an Italian friend who had met us at the hotel.

"Where?" I said.

"Come," Nino said.

We didn't want to go anywhere. Not at this hour and not in our condition. We said so.

"Come," said Nino.

Unwashed, unfed, unrested, and unsympathetic, we went. In Nino's car. For a while nothing much seemed to be happening. We drove along, through poorly lighted, deserted streets that could very easily have been lifted out of Newark at one in the morning. Then, all at once, Nino stopped the car in front of a lovely old church. Nobody spoke. Certainly not Nino. But he seemed to be humming, and what he was humming sounded familiar.

"Sant' Andrea della Valle," he said finally. "Act I."

Then he put the car in gear and drove away through the moonlit, empty streets that all at once seemed, even though not a living creature was in sight, less empty. A few minutes later Nino stopped the car again, this time in front of an imposing edifice that stood brooding in the moonlight. But Nino was not brooding. Once again he was humming, and once again what he was humming sounded like something I had known for a long, long time.

"Palazzo Farnese," Nino said after a while. "Act II."

And with these words he started the car and sent it swiftly through the silent, silvery streets that nobody in his right mind could have imagined as part of Newark. This time, when Nino stopped the car, the moonlight seemed to be washing down the Tiber, in a great silver flood, toward the huge round pile of masonry that loomed in front of us. Nino's humming stopped.

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"Castel Sant' Angelo or Hadrian's Tomb," he said. "Act III."

All at once I understood. But my wife spoke first.

"I know!" she said with the delighted shock of recognition. "'Tosca'!"

"No," Nino said with a smile. "Rome!"

And I understood that, too. Nino knew, as soon as he saw our condition when we got off that bus from Assisi, that we didn't care whether we were in the Eternal City or in Newark. But *he* cared, and that's the point: In Rome somebody always cares.

Not necessarily about scrubbing away your filth, or easing your exhaustion, or diluting your irritation, or even apologizing for the bus service. What somebody always cares about in Rome is that the visitor should be aware that he is in a very special place. To provide that awareness somebody in Rome is always ready to build the city anew, for each visitor, fashioning the structure out of traditions and memories, sights and sounds, smells and emotions that go back to the beginnings of civilization.

As Nino had on this night built it for us.

—JEROME WEIDMAN.

Paris:

I HAVE felt a warmth of heart in Paris and a welcome beyond anything I could have expected. And I have received honors there unknown in America, where a writer is considered to have succeeded beyond all expectation if he simply keeps out of trouble. Let jockeys and beer magnates assume their knighthoods. Let the Elsa Maxwells and moving-picture producers wear the rosette of the Legion of Honor. I have been given my choice of restaurants by a powerful group which prefers to remain anonymous. When I have chosen my spot I will have my own table in a conspicuous and well-lighted corner. Every day then I will be seen there writing away at the books which will startle the world, while ordinary people drink their aperitifs and stare at me with admiration and envy. In moments of high concentration the waiters will hiss the customers to silence.

People come for the sole purpose of observing the master. But the master cannot be there all of the time. He must have time for the privacies of love and cleanliness and sleep. Some have even been known to leave the country on literary missions. During these absences the corner table stands empty. It cannot be given to ordinary folks and so it becomes a liability to the restaurant. I will change this. To the restaurant of my choice I will present a life-size waxen image of myself, made by Tussaud and engined by Citroen. When I am not in attendance my proxy will sit at my table, its right hand busily writing, while at intervals the left hand will raise a *fin* to its waxen lips. Thus, the pilgrims who come to my shrine will never be disappointed.

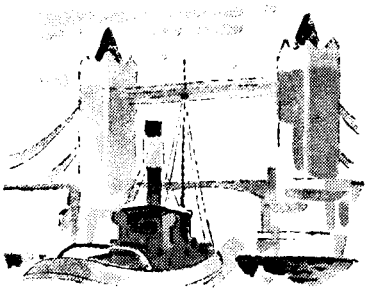
I have discovered, however, that it is no easy thing to choose one's literary seat. Should I take the gaiety and freedom of Montmartre, the intellectual grandeur of Montparnasse, the splendid isolation of the Champs Elysées, or should I simply go in for the tourist business at the George V?

I was tempted to give up my restaurant and to sit without eminence in any restaurant where I happened to be. And then a happy thought came to me. Didn't Napoleon say that an army marches on its stomach? And is it not also somewhat true that the mind, and even the soul, without the stomach would fall through to the ground? Such thinking made my choice for me. I have chosen my place. It is *Au Pied du Cochon* in Les Halles. There I will have my table. The wonderful butchers in their bloody aprons will be my intellectual companions. The gothic piles of carrots and artichokes will be my architecture, and the fresh sweet chlorophylic odors of lettuce and parsley and cress my incense.

In the rumble of the morning, when the clearness of the coming day is only a suggestion on the roof tops, I shall sip my ambrosia a *l'oignon* and consult my Muse. Let others search in the cisterns of the mind. Here in the great cathedral of the stomach I will make my home. My music will be the creak of carts and the voices of buyers and sellers. Styles may change and the criticism of today reject yesterday's great thoughts, but the carrot, the onion, the melon, the peach, the half beef lying lovingly over a butcher's shoulder—these are immortal. And the poor who creep to the edges of the sacred plenty of Les Halles to fill their baskets with outer leaves and rejected roots, these keep the picture in true perspective.

Here I rest. *Au Pied du Cochon* does not know I have chosen it for my temple. I hope it won't be too horrified.

—JOHN STEINBECK.



London:

CONTRARY to popular belief, English women do not wear tweed nightgowns.

Englishmen do not say in times of stress, "By Jove, it's too frightfully ghastly, what!" . . . except in American films.

The English summer is not just a twenty-four-hour break in an otherwise perpetual fog.

The visitor to London will find there are restaurants that serve food that can be termed more than "quite eatable," though I doubt that he will find a menu that will go as far as to boast broiled, sizzling, juicy lamb chops, served in a nest of creamy, fluffy Idaho gloved-handpicked potatoes, surrounded by a wreath of garden-sweet, luscious, sun-kissed peas.

London has not had much practice at being a tourist resort, but it is learning fast. And Mario, who runs the Caprice Restaurant (where you should go not only for the excellent food but because if your taste runs to celebrities you'll certainly see them all supping there) . . . Mario will never turn a hair if you order port as an aperitif or put ice in your Napoleon brandy, and will cheerfully serve tea or coffee with your food, an order which before the American invasion would cause the eyebrows of the headwaiter to rise at least 500 feet above sea-level.

The English now rejoice in something called socialized medicine. This has proved a great success and has brought illness within the reach of the very poorest man and woman in the United Kingdom. And if during your visit to London you feel at all uneasy about your appendix and think you should have it out, or want your teeth filled or feel inclined to have a baby, by all means do. It won't cost you a penny.

Never ask a porter at a railway station at what time a train leaves or from what platform. Go straight to the engine driver, he is the only person who knows. Do not sympathize with the British people because their rooms are kept at freezing point; they

(*Continued on page* 46)

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You Don't HAVE to Be Sick Abroad

By HORACE SUTTON

OF ALL the evils that may beset the tourist abroad none is so common or discomforting as Traveler's Stomach, that temporary disability which affects half of all the tourists who visit Europe and nearly all visitors traveling south of the border.

So commonplace is this occupational hazard of the traveler that Americans have awarded it such affectionate nicknames as Delhi Belly, Gyppy Tummy, or the Spanish Quick Step. The veteran traveler and members of local American colonies abroad have developed pet and supposedly infallible cures, but the truth is that many of these remedies are dangerous. The *turistas* or the "G.I.s" (other parlor names for simple diarrhea) is probably caused by a bug. This bug is as yet unknown. Probably it is no more serious a germ than the equally unknown villain which causes the common cold. And, like the common cold, it might be avoided by following a few simple rules. You don't have to get sick abroad.

To help isolate the cause of stomach upsets in the traveler Drs. B. H. Kean and Wilson G. Smillie, professors at the Cornell University Medical College, organized a live experiment last summer on 400 students who went to Europe. A team of medical examiners was placed aboard two student ships operated by the Council on Student Travel. Examinations were conducted at sea on the way over and again on the way back. The results indicated that 5 per cent had amoebic dysentery before they went abroad, and 5 per cent had it when they returned. While abroad half of the entire group reported simple tourist diarrhea.

Since there was no increase in the percentage of students who had contracted amoebic dysentery amoebae were excluded as a cause of the *turistas*. (To comprehend the problem, an amoeba is a parasite that lives on bacteria or on intestinal contents or on the live tissue of the intestine itself. There are few species of amoebae, and only one that is a killer. When your doctor refers to amoebic dysentery he refers to one type: *Endamoeba histolytica*. Bacteria are what we commonly call germs. They exist by the millions, do not require living tissue, and many are harmless. But bacteria also may secrete toxins or poisons.)

With amoebae discounted the obvious place to look for the troublemaker was among bacteria. Dr. Kean, a rangy, tweedy redhead who specializes in tropical medicine and parisitology, noted a great similarity in the way bacteria are produced in the laboratory and the way they flourish in spoiled food. Says he, "If we want to grow bacteria in a test-tube we pour in the cream and the custard and let them grow. We place bacteria on pastry and watch them bloom. It makes a pure culture. Pure cultures are grown by poor refrigeration." The odds are that tourist diarrhea is caused by poisons grown by bacteria in poorly refrigerated food.

The results of surveys indicate that European offenders in the order of the culpability are Italy, Spain, France, Switzerland and Germany, England and Scandinavia. The reason Americans don't generally suffer the same ills at home as they do abroad is that we can count on reasonably rapid consumption of spoilable foods, adequate refrigeration, and a climate favorable to pure food.

While water cannot be discounted as the carrier of tourist ills, Kean doesn't believe that chemical properties in water are a factor. "Go to Panama," he says. "You don't get it in the Canal Zone, but cross into the Republic and you will." The chemical properties are the same: you cannot change the chemical content of water by boiling it. Bacterial contamination of water spells the difference.

It has been proven that polio and yellow jaundice come from contaminated water. Why not, asks Kean, an unknown virus, Bug X, that causes diarrhea? Certainly Bug X is less likely to be found in bottled water than in tap water that has been run through contaminated plumbing.

IN ACCUSING Bug X, which may live in water or in spoiled food, Kean is inclined to absolve from blame such frequently accused foreign pleasures as olive oil and wine. Nobody ingests enough olive oil to cause a pure mechanical reaction, and in any case an oil reaction wouldn't be violent. Wine is unlikely as a general cause. Fried foods are hard to digest, but it is the gourmet dish draped in many concoctions in which bacteria will grow which is the danger-food. Salads and uncooked vegetables are a threat in countries where they may be sullied by contaminated soil. Kean feels the traveler is safe in Northern Europe, but no amount of washing in plain water will remove the amoeba and other organisms that lurk in lettuce in the Middle East.

Says Kean, an inveterate traveler who has developed a special interest in traveler's ills, "Tend to stay with foods and liquor you *know* will agree

AQUA ABROAD: The subject of a nation's drinking water is viewed by its citizens as no less sacrosanct a subject than its flag. Although all Europe is ready to unsheathe its sword at the mere suggestion that its water ain't fit to drink, we have at great risk managed to compile this intelligence for those prudent souls who still want to drink bottled water abroad.

IN	ASK FOR
Austria	Bad Gasteiner*, Preblauer*
Belgium	Spa Monopole
Denmark	Apollinaris*
Finland	Hardwall*, Elando*
France	Evian, Vichy*, Perrier†
Germany	Apollinaris*
Great Britain	Evian, Vichy*, Perrier†
Greece	Loutraki
Holland	Vichy*, Spuit
Norway	Farris, Selters*
Italy	Recoaro, Fiuggi*, San Pellegrino†
Portugal	Lufo, Vivago*, Pedraf Falgadaf*
Spain	Solaris, Insalus*
Sweden	Vichy*
Switzerland	Eptinger*, Henniez*, Passugerwasser*
Turkey	Tasdelen, Karakulak, Kisarna*, Afyon, Karahisar*
Yugoslavia	Kisela Voda, Radenci*, Rogafka Flatina*, Bukovicka*, Arandjelovac

* indicates slightly carbonated
† indicates very bubbly

—D. R.

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ith you, experimenting gradually nd not jumping from ham and eggs o *enchiladas*. Avoid complicated ishes. Stick to grilled and boiled eats, dishes where you can *see* the asic ingredient." He also urges the aveler to avoid getting overtired. A ontinuous state of excitement and ension, he points out, will produce tomach upsets in many people. As or the old bugaboo of water, Kean dvises to stay with bottled water. f you were to make a brew of ty-hoid germs, bacillary dysentery, moebic dysentery, and one sour *harlotte russe,* and boiled this mix n a stove, the heat would kill the yphoid, the dysentery bacillus, and he amoebae, but it would not dis-urb the poisons secreted by the bac-eria which had grown on the stale *harlotte russe.*

AS FOR a cure travelers should bear n mind that simple tourist diarrhea vill ordinarily stop within two days. Says Kean, "Carry a thermometer nd take your temperature. If it's over 01, call your doctor." Warning: Eu-opean thermometers are calibrated in Centigrade. (U.S. embassies and air-ines maintain lists of doctors.) You vill be better off to eat than to fast, nd the best foods are tea, which con-ains soothing tannic acid and re-olaces necessary liquids; rice, which s nutritious and easy to digest; and pplesauce, which carries more tan-ic acid, is easily obtainable, and is efreshing to the taste.

Of the remedies paregoric is the nost effective, but there are com-olications. It may only be dispensed by a physician's prescription, and technically it is against the law to carry it in or out of the United States. Unfortunately, the law makes no distinction between a pound of heroin and an ounce of paregoric.

An iodine-containing preparation especially popular in South America for tourist ills actually will kill only amoebic dysentery, and then only if taken in large doses and after twenty days. It will not affect the ordinary tourist stomach. Sulfonamide drugs, a common cure in the Middle East (where they are sold over the coun-ter), may cause skin, blood, and kid-ney disorders, and should be taken only on doctor's orders. Antibiotics do not cure simple tourist diarrhea, indeed may bring it on. Bismuth and kaolin preparations are not harmful and may help. Bed-rest and a simple tea, rice, and applesauce diet are the best. Says Dr. Kean, tracer of lost bacteria, "Talk to your doctor before you go. You'll have to see him about a vaccination certificate anyway." For the traveler who long ago made sure he was protected from smallpox, Delhi Belly is next on the agenda.

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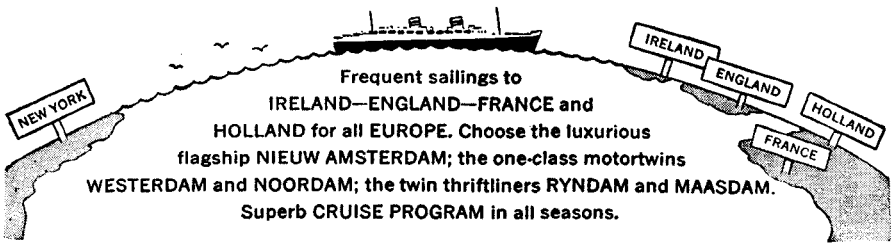

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Who Wrote *This* on Europe?

Travelers' letters from abroad don't seem to change very much from that century to this. These postcards from the past are the jottings of famous men and are taken from ***"The Golden Age of Travel,"*** *edited by Helen Barber Morrison (Twayne, $5). The names of the authors, which are pretty well guaranteed to surprise you, appear on page 48.*

1. SALZBURG: . . . As I knew from my visit to Venice what incredible formalities make it exceedingly difficult to introduce these articles into Austria, I hit upon the plan of hiding the cigars singly among my dirty linen and in the pockets of my clothes. The officer, who was an old soldier, seemed to be prepared for precautionary measures of this sort, and drew forth the *corpora delicta* skilfully from all the folds of my little trunk. I tried to bribe him with a tip, which he actually accepted, and I was all the more indignant when in spite of this he denounced me to the authorities. I was made to pay a heavy fine, but received permission to buy back the cigars.

2. VIENNA: . . . We are gradually getting settled down and wonted. Vienna is not a cheap place to live in, but I have made one small arrangement which has a distinctly economical aspect. The Vice Consul made the contract for me yesterday—to wit: a barber is to come every morning at 8:30 and shave me and keep my hair trimmed for $2.50 a month. I used to pay $1.50 per shave in our house in Hartford.

3. BRUSSELS: . . . I am still fascinated by Brussels, or rather by the two things which I have seen in Brussels, the Hotel de Ville with its Place and Saint-Gudule. The windows of St. Gudule are of a sort almost unknown in France; real pictures in glass of a marvelous style with figures like Titian and architectures like Paul Veronese. The pulpit of wood, sculptured by Henry Verbruggen, dates from 1699.

4. LONDON: . . . I returned but three or four days ago from a two months' trip to England. I traversed that country much, and own both town and country fell short of my expectations. Comparing it with this, I found a much greater proportion of barrens, a soil in other parts not naturally so good as this, not better cultivated, but better manured, and therefore more productive . . . The gardening in that country is the article in which it surpasses all the earth. I mean their pleasure gardening. This indeed went far beyond my ideas. The city o London, tho' handsomer than Paris, is no so handsome as Philadelphia. Their archi tecture is in the most wretched styl I ever saw, not meaning to except Amer ica where it is bad, nor even Virgini where it is worse than in any other par of America, which I have seen. Th mechanical arts in London are carried t a wonderful perfection. But of these need not speak, because of them m countrymen have unfortunately too man samples before their eyes. I consider th extravagance which has seized them as more baneful evil than toryism befor the war . . .

5. HEIDELBERG: . . . From this airy porc among the shining groves we look dow upon Heidelburg Castle, and upon th swift Neckar, and the town, and ou over the wide green level of the Rhin valley, a marvelous prospect. . . . Ou bedroom has two great glass bird-cage (enclosed balconies); one looking towar the Rhine valley and sunset, the othe looking up the Neckar . . . and naturall we spend nearly all our time in these . . . We have tables and chairs in them we do our reading, writing, studying smoking, and suppering in them. The view from these bird-cages is my despair The pictures change from one enchantin aspect to another in ceaseless procession never keeping one form half an hour and never taking on an unlovely one

And then Heidelberg on a dark night It is massed away down there, almos right under us, you know, and stretche off toward the valley. Its curved an interlacing streets are a cobweb, beade with thick lights—a wonderful thing t see; then the rows of lights on the arched bridges, and their glittering reflection in the water; and away at the far end, the Eisenbahnhof, with its twenty solid acre of glittering gas jets, a huge garden, a one may say, whose every plant is a flame.

6. THE HAGUE: . . . Pictures are late riser in Holland, so, while waiting for the opening of the Museum, I went to visit the Park that surrounds the Summer

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alace, although the weather was turning to rain. Imagine huge trees, mostly sh and elm, whose roots are almost always in the water and which outspread heir rich green foliage over ponds, lakes, nd streams, whose tranquil surface radles their sombre reflections. . . . A ool moisture freshens the air even when he heat is greatest and imparts to the egetation an extraordinary vigor . . .

The carriage came up, and a quarter f an hour later I was in the presence of Doctor Tulp's Lesson of Anatomy." The ainting is so completely different in spect from the "Night Watch" that at irst sight it might well be supposed to be he work of another master. When Remrandt painted it he was only twenty-ix! It is a masterpiece, and a quiet nasterpiece.

. FLORENCE: . . . I had never known lorence more charming than I found er for a week in that brilliant October.

She sat in the sunshine beside her yelow river like treasure-city that she has lways seemed, without commerce, without other industry than the manufacture f mosaic paperweights and alabaster upids . . . with nothing but the little naugmented stock of her medieval nemories, her tender-colored mountains, er churches and palaces, pictures and tatues. . . . My room at the inn looked ut on the river, and was flooded all day vith sunshine. . . . It was a Sunday noon, nd brilliantly warm, when I arrived in lorence and after I had looked from my windows a while at the quietly-basking iver-front . . . I took my way across ne of the bridges and then out of one of the gates—that immensely tall Roman Gate. . . . Then I climbed a steep and winding way to a villa on a hill-top. . . . What a tranquil contented life it seemed, with romantic beauty as a part of its daily texture!

8. RAVENNA: . . . I have been swimming in the Adriatic, and cantering through Boccaccio's Pinery; it is a fine forest, "so full of pastime and prodigality," and I have persuaded my contessa to put a side-saddle upon a pony of her sposo's, and we ride together . . . You would like the forest; it reaches from here to Rimini. I have been here these two months, and hitherto all hath gone on well . . .

Dante's tomb is within fifty yards of my *locanda*, the effigy and tombstone well preserved, but the outside is a mere modern cupola. The house flanking this house, but divided by a street, is said to have been inhabited by Honorius, for that matter.

9. VENICE: . . . the sky was clear and a splendid moonlight illumined the lagoon on which we were gliding along. Venice rose before us like a black mass strangely defined against the profound azure of heaven. We first entered a large canal of which one portion was flooded with the whole moonlight and the other drowned in profound gloom. . . . Soon our gondola was traversing narrower canals; then the play of light multiplied their variations . . . lightly as our gondola glided over the surface, yet the slight impulsion given to it sent the waters beating against somber arches and obscure doors, where sometimes an incomprehensible figure moved in the shadows. . . . From time to time, as we approached some turn, a sharp cry, which seemed to be that of the oriole, and to which another replied, made us shiver; it was our gondolier announcing his approach, or replying to the signal of one of his colleagues. These precautions are necessary to prevent gondolas running into one another . . .

10. ST. BERNARD: . . . Although the St. Bernard Convent is, as I dare say you know, the highest inhabited spot but one in the world, the ascent is extremely gradual and uncommonly easy: really presenting no difficulties at all until the last league, when the ascent, lying through a place called the valley of desolation, is very awful and tremendous, and the road is rendered toilsome by scattered rocks and melting snow. The convent is a most extraordinary place, full of great vaulted passages, divided from each other by iron gratings; and presenting a series of the most astonishing little dormitories, where the windows are so small (on account of the cold and snow) that it is as much as one can do to get one's head out of them. Here we slept: supping thirty strong in a rambling room with a great wood-fire in it set apart for that purpose; with a grim monk, with a high black sugar-loaf hat with a great nob at the top of it, carving the dishes. At five o'clock in the morning the chapel bell rang in the dismallest way for matins: and I, lying in bed close to the chapel, and being awakened by the solemn organ and the chaunting, thought for a moment I had died in the night and passed into the unknown world.

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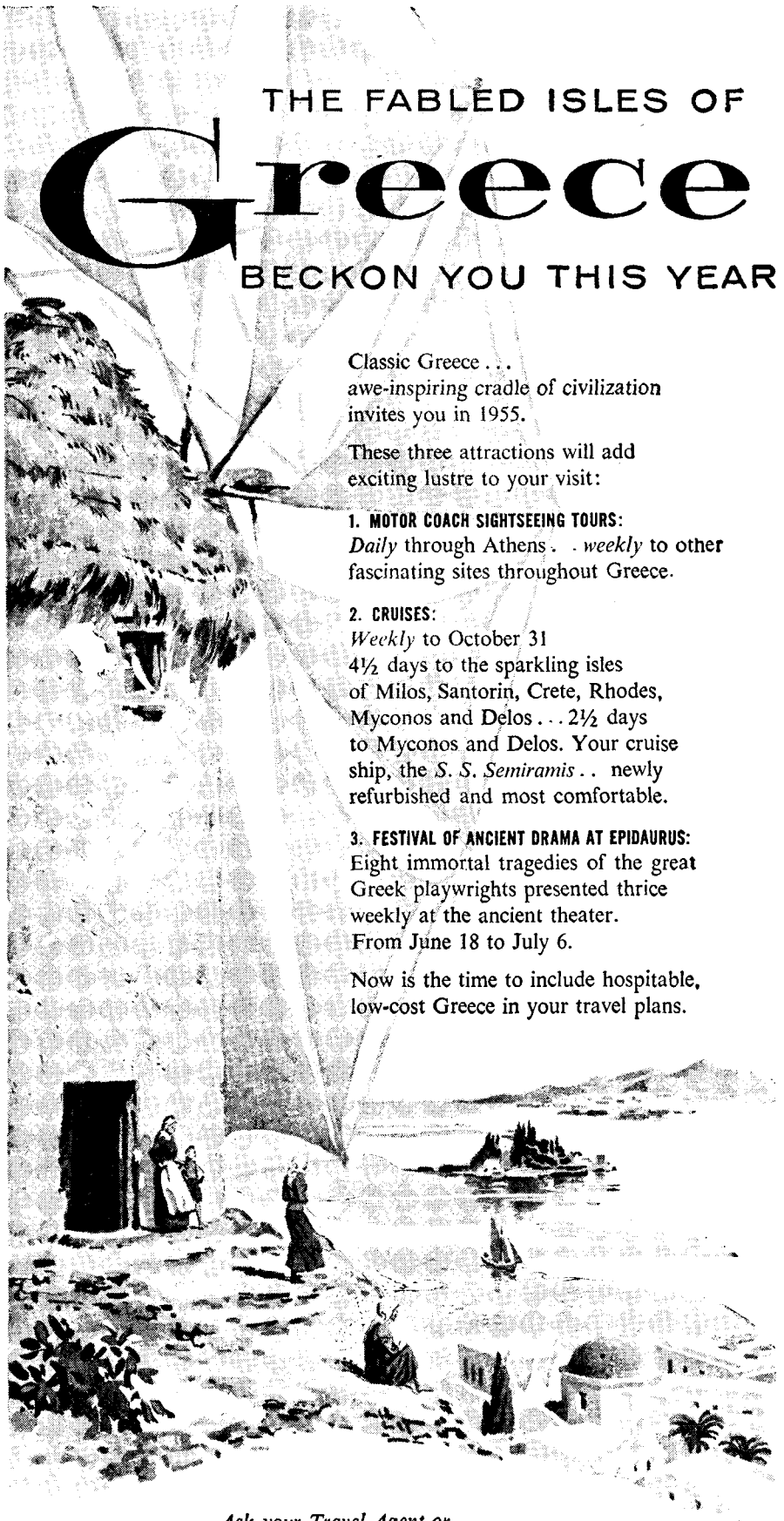

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Capital Roundup

Continued from page 41

like it that way. Americans sometimes complain bitterly about the draughts in English houses, which in their own country are referred to as cross-ventilation.

Don't agree with the Englishman when he tells you that the country is going to the dogs; he can find fault, but you as a visitor cannot.

Despite the climate, the size of the country, bad coffee, soggy toast, and overcooked vegetables, the British are a very happy race—they have never even heard of Liberace.

—HERMIONE GINGOLD.

Berlin:

BERLIN is a Hitchcock heaven, full of cloak-and-dagger implications, instinct with intrigue, her shops well stocked with black chiffon underwear for the spy trade. And this despite the fact that the average German woman still looks not so much like Marlene Dietrich as a tidy Ma Kettle who prefers to secure her hat via a rubber band under her chins.

(And while on the subject of clothes, I wish some German authority would tactfully tell the German male that those long, shiny black leather coats to which he is addicted are, to the average well-tempered traveler, a chilling reminder of Hitler and his S.S. troopers.)

East is East and West is West and—Kipling notwithstanding—Berlin is where they meet and glare at each other across the invisible line that bisects the city. And bisects it so thoroughly that only a single telephone line connects the East sector with its 1,100,000 citizens to the West sectors with their 2,300,000 inhabitants.

That phone links the British Military Governmental offices with its Russian counterpart. And when American or French officials wish to get in touch with their Russian confreres they either borrow the British phone or send up smoke signals.

Unless the political situation changes drastically the summer tourist in Berlin will not find it difficult or dangerous to cross the invisible line and wander about in East Berlin, to examine *Stalinallee* (the biggest Potemkin Village ever built), to have a meal at the two "fashionable" (God save the mark!) restaurants, the Warsaw and the Budapest, maintained by the Russians for the tourist trade and well-heeled East Berliners, to visit the stunning Russian war memorial, and—most informative of all—to case

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he East Berliners, almost faceless as hey hurry along, their eyes glued to he sidewalks.

The traveler who revisits Berlin this ummer for the first time since World War II is in for a cosmic shock. But o is the visitor, perhaps an ex-G.I. r a newspaper correspondent, who eturns for the first time since the nonths immediately after that war.

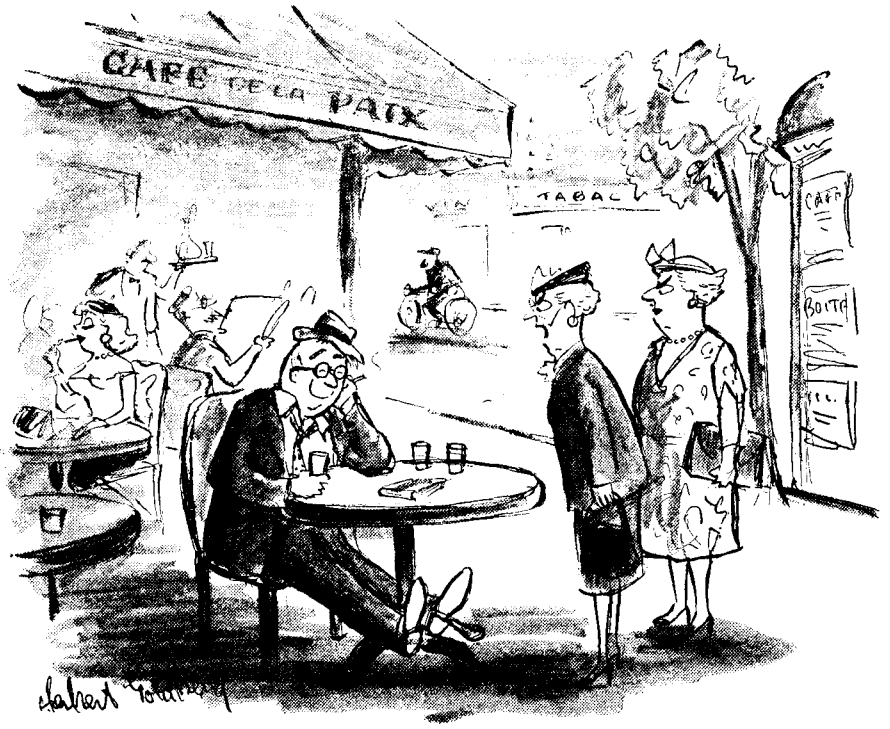
The first cannot escape the shadow f death and destruction implicit in he city's monumental ruins. The sec-nd will be electrified by the impact f life and resurrection inherent in the ustle and bustle in the West sectors f a great city that seemed only waiting the gravedigger in 1946.

Now when I stand on the curb of he Kurfürstendamm, trying to flag a axi during the 5 p.m. rush hour, the raffic is as heavy and as expertly snarled as that on Fifth or Madison. And I remember when the traffic on the Kurfürstendamm nine years ago was divided into two categories: (1) a few cars belonging to the Allied Military and (2) ramshackle, make-shift carts—some mounted on roller skates, some on salvaged bicycle wheels—pulled through the streets by men, women, and children in search of something—anything, even a twig —to use as fuel.

And the Kurfürstendamm itself! Today the avenue is once more full of fashionable shops (filled, in turn, with fashionable and luxurious goods), fashionable restaurants, fashionable hotels and sidewalk cafes, chuck-a-block with plump Berliners drinking superlative beer or coffee and downing gigantic dagwoods smothered in whipped cream. Everything in Berlin is buried in whipped cream and a customer is apt to have to put up a hand-to-hand tussle to keep it off the oysters.

The Kurfürstendamm is symbolic and indicative of the measure of recovery of Western Berlin. But a word of warning to the visitor who plans to penetrate the East sector: He had best hold onto his hat and his blood pressure when, on leaving the Russian sector, he is confronted with a huge sign reading, "Ende des Demokratischen Sector von Berlin."

—Inez Robb.



"Mr. Carmichael, you're a disgrace to P.S. 163!"

Madrid:

NOWHERE else in Europe will the American tourist find a more genuinely friendly reception than here in Spain. As Dorothy Thompson once wrote, the average elevator boy in this country holds himself with all the dignity of a *grand seigneur,* and he acts and thinks that way. The ever generous American obviously resents being taken, whether it is with a snarl, as too often happens in France, or with a beatific smile, as is usual in Italy. The Spanish people, whether it is a peasant in the field or the boy who takes your bags at the Ritz or the Castellana Hilton in Madrid, stretch out their hand to Americans—with the palm sideways, not up. Spain's greatest tourist attraction is undoubtedly the integrity and the courtesy of the Spaniard.

This year perhaps 2,000,000 tourists will visit Spain, of which well over half will be French, many of whom cross the border to replenish their wardrobes. A made-to-order suit for a man still costs about $40 here, or one-third to one-half the price in France. The next most numerous group is the English, and then come the Americans.

The best food in the South is undoubtedly at El Remo, a beach restaurant attached to the Hotel Montemar in Torremolinos, near Malaga, both of which are run by the Marquis de Najera. The Marquis is an extraordinary character, a Cordon Bleu cook who likes to supervise his guests' meals personally, a former member of both the French and Spanish foreign legions, a linguist in English, French, and several other languages, and a magnificent host. In the same town the best hotel is undoubtedly La Roca, run by Enrique Bolin, who is the brother of Luis Bolin, now Minister for Information and Tourism in the Spanish Embassy in Washington. Luis Bolin was for fourteen years director general of Spanish tourism and did a brilliant job in converting old monasteries and castles into modern, first-class residences for tourists.

Spring is here and already the bullfights have started in Barcelona and several other cities. The American tourists are beginning to arrive, and while there has not been much new building this last year, the existing facilities should be adequate to handle everyone. My personal belief is that every tourist who comes here will go home more than glad that he visited Spain, and long after the memories of the *ferias* and the bullfights pass he will remember the friendship, the courtesy, and absolute integrity of the people of Spain. It will give new meaning to the era of political and military cooperation between Spain and the United States which has just opened up. This vital alliance will undoubtedly be strengthened in the years to come, by the views and observations of each returning traveler from this complex and ancient land.

—Dennis McEvoy.

Bern:

A GOOD starting point for a visit to Switzerland is Bern, a gaily-painted and flower-decorated city with a magnificent view of the Alps. It is a capital where government is conducted in four languages. In front of the Parliament buildings the huge square and nearby streets are covered twice a week with stalls, set up by country people who

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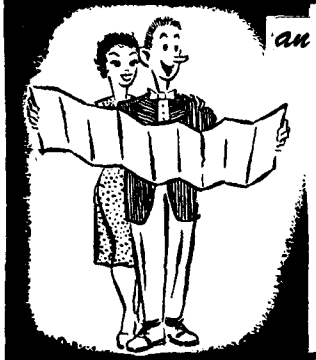

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come to sell cheese and meat. It typically Swiss that these practic necessities should be brightened b other stalls of magnificent flower This love of color and contrast everywhere: the seventeenth-centur houses line bustling streets, the brigl sixteenth-century fountains will nc budge for modern traffic, the ancier arcades cover modern shops with fin books, cameras, watches, rifles, an sports equipment that will stop mo men in their tracks. At midda the ancient clock tower, gateway t the old part of the town, puts on quit a show, as it has done for centurie The bears in the Bear Pit, down nea the quick-flowing River Aare, whic curves round the town, put on thei show, too; and from there you see view of Bern's houses which gives yo a glimpse of the Middle Ages. If yo need a rest between Museums and th sixteenth-century choir-stalls in th Minster you'll find the best patisseri in Europe, along with free newspaper in the numerous "tearooms" (th English practically adopted Switzer land, at one time) under the arcade The coffee is excellent and the edi torials worth reading. The Swiss tak politics thoughtfully. There is goo food at the big hotels, or at such place as the Café du Theâtre. To re place Burgundy try *Dol;* and th Valais white wines such as *Fendan de Sion* are very pleasant. In the eve ning, if you like people, go to th largest beer cellar, where student and family parties and everyone an anyone relax with a good deal o laughter and music.

From Bern you can travel in al directions into superb country. Inter laken, an hour away by train, has a enchanting setting of lakes and mead ows and mountains. From there yo can travel in further directions, deep er and deeper into a pantheist' heaven. By well-marked trails, yo can walk up to the high chalets amon some of the best scenery nature ca provide. Or take a little train by wa of Wengen (and return by Grindel wald) right up into a nest of gian mountains, traveling through an ic wall, past the infamous Eigerwand right on to the high shoulder of th Jungfrau herself.

In fact, for a country with so muc distracting scenery, you will find you've been noticing the people, too: the schoolchildren on a class-outing who sing on the train; the waitres who tells you the tip is too much an returns part of it; the care of th

---

QUIZ ANSWERS: 1. Richard Wagner. 2 Mark Twain. 3. Victor Hugo. 4. Thoma Jefferson. 5. Mark Twain. 6. Theophil Gautier. 7. Henry James. 8. Lord Byron 9. Alexander Dumas. 10. Charles Dickens

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fields, the decoration of houses; the grave-eyed men who are in the Army, all of them, even on call until the age of sixty; the peace which is defended by vigilance, the underground hangars on green meadows, the mined bridges, the weekly rifle-practice which is a citizen's duty; the honesty and decency which meet you everywhere. Don't let the excellent hotels make you think this country is merely a tourist's paradise; it has a life of its own that's worth observing.

—HELEN MACINNES.

Scandinavia:

COMMON ties between Denmark, Norway, and Sweden are frontiers, ferries, wars ended centuries ago, family relationships, Scandinavian Airlines System, and three different languages with several common denominators. Furthermore Sweden's king is the father-in-law of Denmark's king, and Denmark's king is a nephew of Norway's king.

NORWAY has a 3,250,000 population, plenty of mountains, deep, delightful fiords where salmon and trout abound, skiers, midnight sun, and famous writers.

SWEDEN has a 7,750,000 population, birch trees, industries, art craft, Lapland with Laps and reindeer, midnight sun and mosquitoes, movie stars (for export). moose, bears, and a couple of wolves.

DENMARK has a 4,500,000 population. Her highest mountain is 570 feet and the Danish counterpart of Niagara measures four feet. Rich fishing streams—tuna, etc.—and equally rich hunting grounds. Most savage among the wild beasts is the mosquito. The country has white farmhouses, millions of cows, pigs and hens, and old castles of which several are for sale—but transatlantic transfer of them is not allowed. Denmark resembles a Hans Andersen fairytale—and the 150th anniversary of that teller of tales is celebrated this year. Famous products are silver, ham, porcelain, cheese, butter, bridges, eggs, ships, beer, Aalborg Akvavit, and Cherry Heering.

OSLO, capital of Norway, population 500,000. Norwegians say that their capital has but one street, the Karl Johan, but that that street is very pretty. Here you find the Royal Castle, the National Theatre, and the Town Hall. regarded as being either the most ugly or the most beautiful building in the world. Off the main stem is the Vigeland Park, named after the sculptor whose hundreds of works are mounted here. Outside Oslo is the Holmenkollen, which boasts the world's most famous ski jump, in use only during winter. Here

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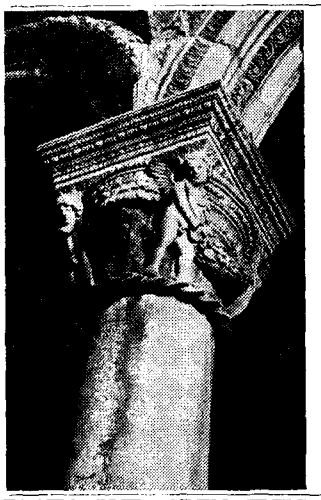

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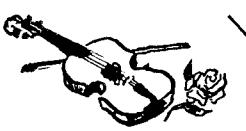

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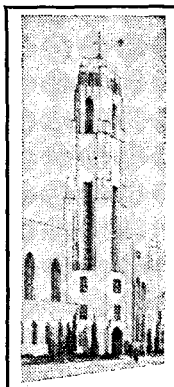

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numberless Danes and Swedes hav suffered broken legs.

Oslo has weird mealtimes ar liquor is on sale only on certain hou and on certain days. The hours neve coincide with the hours when a ma normally feels the need of a drink, bu then you are at liberty to drink wir —or change your habits.

The town has beautiful views ove city and fiord. Direct ski routes lea you from uphill to downtown durin winter. When the snow has melte you sail on the fiord, play golf—c go to the highlands for more skiing.

Oslo citizens speak either ordinar Norwegian or New-Norwegian. Ver bal exchanges with users of the latte had better be conducted in English.

STOCKHOLM, capital of Sweden, pop ulation 1,000,000, is beautiful bot summer and winter, summer takin the prize, though. In the downtow center lies The Old Town on an island surrounded by rushing waters. Her also is the famous Castle, and close b is the world's most intricate traffi loop, the *Slussen*. Stockholm abound with architecture, most of it good. Th women are blond, tall, and handsom and they are of the opinion that so ar their men. There are fine golf course and tennis courts, an intricate liquo law with unintelligible restriction:

COPENHAGEN, capital of Denmark population 1,250,000, has old build ings, no liquor restrictions, and th Copenhageners, who go out of thei way to be nice to foreign guests. Co penhagen has Scandinavia's mos frantic traffic, although there are onl 40,000 motorcars and 500,000 bicycles The highest building has nineteer floors and considers itself a real com petitor for the Empire State Building Near the harbor sits The Little Mer maid of bronze, and out in the Dee Park thousands of deer roam freely— till they die of old age. The King and the Queen live at the Amalienborg Castle, looked after by the Roya Guard, whose members wear bearskin caps. Mailmen wear bright red coats Downtown is the Tivoli, the most beautiful amusement park in the world, our guests say. Running through the town is the constant stream of old canals and sweet young girls.

Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes re spectively find their own capital the most beautiful of them all. This, of course, is not so. —MOGENS LIND.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Charles Dickens. 2. Nathaniel Hawthorne. 3. George Bernard Shaw. 4. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 5. Sir Winston Churchill. 6. Herman Melville. 7. Samuel Johnson. 8. Edgar Allan Poe. 9. Robert Louis Stevenson. 10. Benjamin Franklin.

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Notes in a Passport

• • CHOOSE AN UPPER berth instead of a lower if you're crossing by plane. The mattress rests on one solid supporting piece. Lowers rest on a jigsaw puzzle put together from four seats, and you can feel the ridges.... Added note: If you can pick your place sleep as far back as possible unless engines lull you. . . . I don't brush my teeth with airplane washroom tap water, which is advertised as non-potable. I get a cup from the tank in the corridor.

• • DON'T WEAR high heels on a rocking deck. Or on cobblestone streets.... Latest nuisance is the airport tax now being levied on passengers by London (seventy cents) and by Paris (according to destination). Now that's just highway robbery. Suppose local municipalities began levying a tax to build a new railroad depot? If cities are going to benefit from travel let them support their own terminals and not pass the charges off on the passenger, whose ticket gives him the right to arrive or depart without further charge.

• • SLEEPING CARS of Cook's Wagon Lits still have chamberpots in a hidden compartment under the sink. . . . BEA's Elizabethan airliners have metal holders in the back of each seat which clutch drinking glasses by the stem. First sensible airline system for eliminating spilled drinks. . . . If you take a private motorboat from the hotel to the railroad station in Venice it will cost you $4. . . . Sleeper of the Season: Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. Cruise boats are stopping there this spring, *Vogue* photographers and models have been scampering around the medieval ruins, and travel organizations have scheduled their own conventions there. Best hotel by the sea costs $7 a day, room, bath, and meals.

• • Customs officers at Idlewild Airport have changed their system. When landing from Europe you no longer surrender the stub of your declaration and wait for the inspector to come around with your swindle sheet. Now you keep the whole document intact, signal an inspector when you have all your bags. If all your purchases are not with you it is no longer necessary to fill out a duplicate declaration sheet. Customs gives you a form which you hand in when your goods arrive.

• • DONEY'S, that outdoor nest of tables on the Via Veneto, has taken to dispensing mineral water free of

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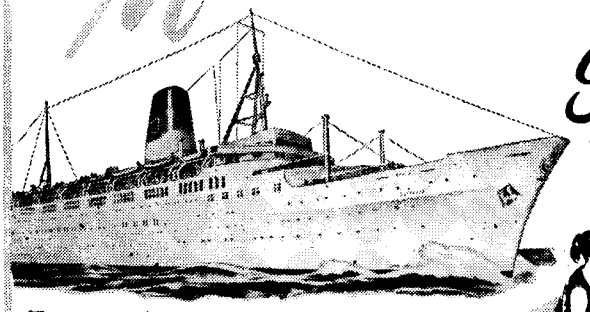

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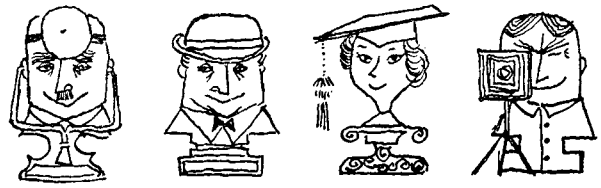

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charge. But coffee and breakfast rol for four, plus orange juice for on the other morning came to nearly $ . . . If there is one thing the Frenc are going to have a hard time ex plaining to tax-bitten American tou ists this summer it's the Gallic a titude over paying their own taxes. . For my money (or was it the office's the best restaurant in Rome is Pa setto's. . . .

• • HILTON reported so pleased abo the Istanbul operation (opening June) that he is considering tw smaller hotels in the same city, or right on the Bosphorus. . . . In makir reservations bear in mind two ne hotels: the Westbury in London, ju opposite the Time and Life Buildin and the Europe in Copenhagen, ove looking the water. . . . Personal vo for the most overpopulated room i London: The Savoy Grill, four at tendants per guest. They show up o the check, too.

• • THE SEASON'S BOOKSHELF: Sydne Clark, that modest and indefatigabl soul, has gathered together his "A the Best in Upper and Lower Etcet era" and all his stray and randor notes into a huge compendium calle "All the Best in Europe." In 500 page Mr. Clark chit-chats from Aberdee to Ankara, and if he has left ou some note of travelers' intelligence i isn't known to me. His tastes are ap to be in the comfortable-class bracke and he includes more economy tip than his confreres. Ambling is th style, homey the approach, $4.95 th price.

• • AND ALSO: Virginia Creed, who i the wife of the Austrian tourist di rector, and Henry Milo, who is radio-talker, a public-relations man and an eater, have combined force to produce just what the traveler or dered: another book on Paris. Mis Creed, who has been all about Irelan and Austria, is now "All About Pari and Its Environs." In simple declara tive sentences they attack the tow street by street, door by door, lik a mop-up squad from the *maquis* and let the encomia fall where they may.

• • NOT TO MENTION: "Spain," one o the pocket travel-guides edited by Doré Ogrizek. A Michelin-like treat ment, following a prescribed meande through the country with an explan atory paragraph of each town and as terisked hotels after each description There is a dictionary in the back pictures of Spanish soldiers in color and a section on celebrities includ ing everyone from El Greco to E Salvador Dali. —H. S.

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Weekend Fun

Continued from page 23

the sailor is a reader and for him there is plenty to read. I myself am no collector of books nautical but in our house I would have little trouble in finding fifty to a hundred volumes connected with the sea. These include classics like "Moby-Dick," "Two Years Before the Mast," and the poems of John Masefield, for example "Salt-Water Poems and Ballads" (Macmillan, $4). They include W. W. Williamson's sterling anthology, "The Eternal Sea" (Coward-McCann, $5); essays and charming essay dictionaries like Llewellyn Howland's too-little-noticed "Sou'west and by West of Cape Cod" (Harvard University Press, $3) and Joanna Carver Colcord's "Sea Language Comes Ashore" (Cornell Maritime Press, $3); histories of the clipper ships; descriptions of the various seaports; accounts of the single-handed skippers — from Captain Joshua Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World" (Sheridan House, $5) to Jean Merrien's "The Lonely Voyagers" (Putnam, $4); and biographies of the great mariners such as Samuel Eliot Morison's "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" (Little, Brown, $7.50). They also include a goodly selection of "practical books": the U.S. Government Coast Pilots and Sailing Directions; Clifford W. Ashley's "Ashley Book on Knots" (Doubleday, $10); Robert N. Bavier, Jr.'s "Sailing to Win" (Dodd, Mead, $4); Manfred Curry's now old but once revolutionary book on "Racing Tactics" (Scribner, $7.50); Charles F. Chapman's indispensable "Piloting, Seamanship and Small Boat Handling," and many more.

I could double them a hundred times. Ever since I reviewed "The Journal of John Wetherell" (Doubleday, $5) for this periodical I have been deluged with catalogues from the surprising number of bookshops that specialize on books about the sea. The last one listed 157 titles.

Most of these were old books—first editions, out-of-print collector's items, rare illustrated volumes. But the new ones still appear. A selection is given in the accompanying box. None are outstanding, but each performs a useful task.

With them—and with his time-honored favorites—your sailor sits in his armchair and sniffs the salt vicariously. But one day he is there no longer. You will find him leaning against his good ship with putty knife in hand, discussing the merits of chilled varnish or this or that anti-fouling paint.

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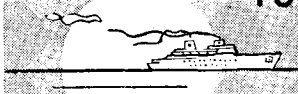

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Restoration Blues in Dixie

Continued from page 10

Missey we get Blanche DuBois. But they are both products of the Southern dream, of the *Streben* which characterizes romanticism in any period. Tom Lehrer, the Harvard pundit, finds the Sordid South no less luring than the Saccharine South:

I wanna go back to Alabammy,
Back to the arms of my dear ol' Mammy,
Her cookin's lousy and her hands are clammy
But what the hell, it's home!

If, as literary historians say, "realism crossed the Potomac with Ellen Glasgow," it didn't get far. Not even with Ellen Glasgow. Her posthumous autobiography, "The Woman Within," shows that her toughness was that of an eggshell. Like all the rest, she was a prisoner of her inheritance, and her approach to life was Byronic. Her nerves were "harpstrings, played upon, day and night, by stumbling fingers." Her life was spent "among the mountains of grief and despair.... A morbid sensitiveness has stalked me, in a panic terror, for the greater part of my life."

A morbid sensitiveness. This, rather than the slippery term romanticism, might be the better one to justify the claim that the Grecian splendor of the old novels and the Gothic horror of the new ones are products of the same psychology. There are many different keys in which to sing the Reconstruction Blues.

AS LONG as you're going back to the good old days, you might as well go back on horseback.

That's what the Southern upper class—particularly that segment of it which is fresh from the ulcer front in New York—has decided. Ogden Nash caught the spirit of the thing in a little gem called "First Families, Move Over":

Carry me back to Old Virginny
And there I'll meet a lot of people from New York
There the Old Marsa of the Hounds is from Smithown or Peapack or Millbrook,
And the mocking bird makes music in the sunshine accompanied by the rattling shaker and the popping cork.

All up and down the old plantation
Socialites are riding hell-for-leather like witches and warlocks.
And there is only one thing that keeps the squirearchy from being a genuine reproduction
Which is that the peasantry's hair is kinky so they haven't any forelocks so they can't tug their forelocks.

A pleasant life, mild weather, low taxes, and ready transportation to Eastern cities have brought the Chryslers, Whitneys, Harrimans, Iselins, and many others to Dixie. Beginning in the 1890s and gathering momentum continuously, this wealthy invasion has added another verse to the Reconstruction Blues. Such formal trappings as tournament lances, pink coats, top hats, and dinner coats trimmed with hunt colors have come back. Over carefully-preened fields the insatiable hounds once more pursue the inedible fox.

The horsey pageantry is by no means confined to the hunt, or even the racetrack. There are equestrian tournaments, exotic and medieval in flavor, which are being revived after a century's lapse. The Knights of Snowden, Marmion, Ivanhoe, and Glen Arvon (names taken right from the pages of Scott) have begun to ride again. With the new Southern squirearchy, horses are flourishing like the bay tree, or the sprig in the top of well-mixed mint juleps. Mellowed by one of those charming concoctions (almost justification enough for the Yankee infiltration, for they alone can afford such excellent bourbon), I recently cheered on young Southrons who galloped down a line and speared tiny rings suspended from three uprights. Except for the convertibles and station-wagons parked nearby, and the electric power lines on the hill, one could almost imagine that he was back in the High Middle Ages.

Who could help cheering when a skilful rider captured a ring, or gasping when another fell from his steed trying too daring a maneuver? Who could doubt, when he read the list of entries, that blood will tell? Who could deny the regality of the Queen of Love and Beauty, crowned by the victor at the Coronation Ball? Who (except perhaps a pathetic statistician stuck away in some bureaucrati Washington basement) could asser that the South is poor, when it ha all these treasures?

AND SO the new Southern army not only hangs on, but advances. Th rallying cry is "Tradition." Unfortunately, not all the soldiers know wha the word means, or where fact stop and fiction takes over so far as thei tradition is concerned. Tradition is always used and often misused by a people. Good things of the past ca be misunderstood, with disastrous results. This leads us to still anothe aspect of the Reconstruction movement—neo-Colonialism.

A lively concern with the Georgian arts and crafts, and the architectura forms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is in itself an admirable thing. It is also a matter requiring special study, knowledge, and training. Though honestly conceived neo-Colonialism has bred dishonest antiques, houses, and handicraft items from Alexandria to Key West from Charleston to Little Rock. It has raised havoc with the first buds of a contemporary and a functional architecture in Dixie. In the South we used to have the boll weevil. Now we have the Williamsburg blight.

The unhistoric restoration fad and the idea of rebuilding and reequipping the South as it used to be may well be the greatest culture disaster that has befallen the South since Poe took to drink. This is not meant to disparage Colonial Williamsburg, where people with historical perspective decided to build a living museum to the forms and crafts of Georgian America. That was a splendid idea. (Anything would have been better than what we were getting in the early twentieth century.) Unfortunately, Williamsburg was not taken as a museum but as a model. Southerners misconstrued its whole purpose, and have manufactured a pseudo-Georgian revival. Not only individuals, but important organized groups have indulged in this bit of chicanery. One such group decided to rebuild George Washington's birthplace. Not knowing what it had actually looked like, they copied a colonial model in an adjacent county! Such a cavalier disregard for truth caused James Branch Cabell to remark:

'Tis beyond reason to pick flaws in a relic so impressive and remunerative, upon the shallow ground that our first President's birthplace was not builded until two centuries after his birth. His genius triumphed over all difficulties. Through our latter-day intervention of our antiquities we

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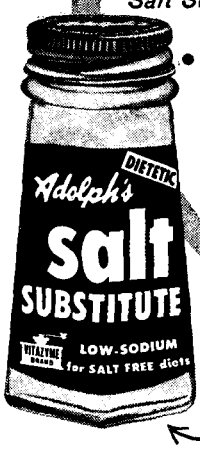

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In short, the South's worst enemy today is not the North, but Southerners who insist on going home again; Southerners who are prisoners of their own inheritance. Such a sad condition hampers the development of new and meaningful traditions, and of adequate expression in the twentieth century. Once Dixie was close to being what H. L. Mencken accused it of being—"the Sahara of the Bozart." Today, instead, the danger is that she will become the museum of the Bozart. This must have been what worried a state legislator in the Deep South when he recently assailed his colleagues with this remarkable metaphoric invocation: "Let's reverse this tide or throw in the towel and give up the ship and let 'er go!"

If the South follows this advice, it will not continue to give discerning visitors, like the poet T. S. Eliot, the feeling that nothing is, nothing can, nothing must, change:

Still hills
Wait. Gates wait. Purple trees,
White trees, wait, wait.
Delay, decay. Living living
Never moving. Ever moving
Iron thoughts came with me
And go with me.

In areas other than stealing factories from New England by promising non-union labor the South must become ingenious and daring again. There must be less talk of family trees, and more talk of the tree of liberty which the South's political genius (Thomas Jefferson) said "must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants."

The time may even have come when a school of Southern writers inscribes on its wall a playful parody of the dictum of that courageous Yankee naval officer Admiral Farragut:

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There is no end
Of our long road
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There is no end,
Though shadows fall
And night descend.

There is no end.
Our sun must set
To rise again.

There is no end.
Immortal life awaits us all
Beyond the bend.

Television

Continued from page 14

shows a lack of awareness of the television medium."

He describes "The Big Deal" as "still too theatrical for my money," adding: "It is too obvious a drama for television. The story is too powerful." He gives credit to Delbert Mann, who directed "The Bachelor Party," for covering the "holes" in the script.

At the same time, Mr. Chayefsky has the refreshing good sense to say favorable things about his own work and to give reasons for saying them. Referring to "Printer's Measure," he writes: "It has a solid architecture, and I like it."

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Living-Room Drama

WRITING FOR TV: Old hands at TV are usually, like Paddy Chayefsky, young hands in reality. But this has not prevented ten of these young-old hands from getting together recently and putting out a small collection of advice called **"How to Write for Television"** (Hastings House, $2.50), all edited by William I. Kaufman, a young-old hand himself who is still in his early thirties but who has already been a TV executive, author, editor, and lecturer. In it, among others, Arthur Heinemann, script editor of the Kraft Television Theater, offers such practical advice as "A writer who submits a script to a program he hasn't watched is wasting his time"; Anne Howard Bailey, who has written too many TV shows to list them, offers some sample do's and don'ts in the form of an actual TV script; Nelson Bond outlines the basic scripting differences between film and live TV; and Robert Alan Aurthur gets down to the ground rules for writing half-hour and hour shows as well as series. The other contributors are: Eugene Burr, Edmund C. Rice, Rod Serling, Raphael Hayes, John Latham, and, of course, Paddy Chayefsky, who offers the advice that a TV writer "need only find a moment of insight and carefully and delicately build his story up to that moment." For would-be Chayefskys this advice may not be of much help, but it does give some insight into how the minds, if not the talents, of TV writers work.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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SPECIAL FOR SPRING, GRANNY GUINN'S weekly farm letters are 13, $2; 26, $3.50, and 52, $6. For 4 to 8-year-olds. Write Granny Guinn, RFD #2, Culpeper, Va.

GIRL, 18, loves children, animals, swimming; wants summer work with family—shore or country. Box V-979.

POTENTIAL social scientist-philosopher interested research problems, philosophy of science, ethnology, desires position museum, university, foundation. Box V-987.

INN FOR SALE

CHARMING CONNECTICUT COUNTRY INN. Gourmet's rendezvous. Completely equipped. Outdoor patio, cocktail lounge; swimming, fishing; summer theatre, celebrities' estates nearby. Must sacrifice. $12,500 down. Woodbury 15-W2, Conn. Box V-960.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

YEAR-ROUND modern home and 2 cabins in 40 acres rare mountain beauty; waterfalls, virgin timber. 5 minutes paved road from famous Tryon. Unusual property. Write for details. James Baker, Tryon, N.C.

WOODSTOCK, N. Y. 12 rooms, 5 baths, 5 acres. Magnificent view, secluded, convenient schools. Ideal for established author with large family. $29,950. Cornelius Sewell, Woodstock, N. Y.

SOUTHERN BERKSHIRES—8 rooms, fireplace, bath, oil furnace, Artesian well. 2-car garage, 70 acres, gravel road. Box V-963.

HOUSE-STUDIO. 8½ acres, 27 miles north of George Washington Bridge. House small, half Revolutionary, half modern. Studio separate. Telephone New City 4-2203, N. Y.

SMALL STUDIO HOUSE, 1¼ hours from NYC. Winter heat, water rights, artistic interior, 1⅓ acres in protected neighborhood, Bayville, Long Island, N. Y. Phone Twin Harbors 5-2848.

SECLUDED 2-bedroom contemporary, Blairstown, N. J. High 17 acres, brook. $16,000. Brochure. TWining 6-4186 (NYC). Box W-69.

THE REAL McCOY. Handsome Cape Cod; all conveniences, beautiful setting, view, paved road, 3 fireplaces, guest cabin, trout brook, tennis court, frontage on mountain lake. $9,000. King's Arrow, Hopkinton, N. H.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

POCONOS. Deluxe housekeeping cottages on stream. Fireplaces. Quiet, cool; for discriminating guests. Box V-950.

SO YOU WANT a home in the Berkshire-Litchfield Hills. Why not rent for a year and look around? Charming remodeled old Colonial, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 4 fireplaces, every convenience, perfect condition, furnished. 150 acres, woods and mountain, accessible. $150 per month, available October. Scott Walker, W. Cornwall, Conn.

For Summer Rental

HANCOCK, MAINE, Township of L'Ecole Monteux. Beautifully furnished early Victorian farmhouse. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. Modern conveniences. Ideal for musicians, writers, artists. Recreational facilities: golf, swimming, fishing, music. No small children. Pictures, details on request. $1,500 June 30, September 30. Box V-934.

WAY OFF IN THE WOODS. Small stone house with bunkhouse. Brook, evergreens. 90 miles NYC. $220 season. Phone or write Modley, Kent, Conn.

BERKSHIRES near Tanglewood. Comfortable, completely equipped house. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths; washer, dryer, dishwasher; linen furnished. Mid-June to Labor Day, $500. Oliver, Park St., Williamstown, Mass.

FARMHOUSE, MAINE. Working farm, charming coastal view; furnished. 4 large bedrooms, electric kitchen; 5 miles Freeport. $850. References. Box V-997.

MAINE COAST COTTAGE. Wooded point. Quiet. Fireplace. 85 miles from Boston. Eleanor Blair, Cottage St., Wellesley, Mass.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y. Lakeside cabins, 1½ rooms. All sports. Season from $400, weekly from $56. J. Braider, 240 East 20 St., NYC.

HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGE. Modern, secluded. Sleeps two. Mount Desert Bird Migratory Belt. $45 week. Mayo, Box 115, McKinley, Maine.

VERMONT tranquil family country house. Comfortable. 5 bedrooms. Season. Mrs. John Holden, RFD 1, Montpelier.

ARTIST'S SUMMER HOME in wooded hills of western Maine. Adaptable large or small family. Has guest house with facilities. Season. Box V-994.

MEXICAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE. Two furnished cottages, dream garden, $50 monthly. Box W-70.

SOUTHERN VERMONT hill farmhouse, comfortably modernized, completely equipped. 4 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, attic dormitory playroom. Swimming near. Accessible seclusion. Monthly $200, season $500. Box 21, East Jamaica, Vermont.

COOL SUMMER HOME on Nantucket Harbor. 54-ft. living room, fireplace, 8 bedrooms, 4 baths. $2,500 season, $1,500 half. Airmail: Mrs. Samuel King, Lanikai, Oahu, Hawaii.

MONTAUK—Charming 1½-room studio, ¼ mile beach. Privacy guaranteed. Screen porch, full bath, electric kitchen, heat. $750 short, $950 long season. Williams, Box 651, Montauk, N. Y.

FOR SUMMER LIVING, in Pocono Mountains, Pa. Wonderful converted barn. Pool, stream. Children wanted. $600. Box V-953.

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MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Homelike. Quie Adults only. North Clove 2421.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Coloni farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermor

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quie informal country life, good food, comfortable bec

THE HOMESTEAD, Greenwich, Connecticut, 28 mil from NYC. Beautiful small New England Inn, Clu atmosphere. Work, rest, play. Telephone 8-7500.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Priva island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreatio boat trips, fine food. $45 to $55. Special children rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 2 Brunswick, Maine.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hill Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swin ming, riding, golf nearby. Country auctions, summe theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

TANGLEWOOD-MINDED? SEVEN HILLS is fiv minutes from the concerts—and also offers fu vacation facilities. Write for Festival program t SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregariou species). Flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving peace-loving guests welcome. Ten miles at sea, th stars your streetlights, the wide horizon beyond reac or desire. The Island Inn, MONHEGAN ISLAND MAINE. (Open May 30.) Booklet?

TRANQUIL, comfortable living in spectacular Mt Rainier country. Ride, fish, or do nothing. Fittee guests. Rates on request. DOUBLE K MOUNTAIN RANCH, Goose Prairie, Washington.

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ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find re laxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer thea ters accessible. Rates from $10 A. P. Booklet BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Mass.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1099

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Stratocruiser used by the British Royal family.

B. Wartime nickname of the first woman to receive Order of Merit (1907; 4 wds.).

C. Determined by professional calculators of risks.

D. A Sir Walter Scott hero who died at Flodden.

E. Followed by Word P, a rich source of vitamin B complex.

F. Two wds. which, followed by Words K and Q, convey different meanings.

G. Price of a movie ticket.

H. Restaurant offering continuous service at a public place.

I. An iron dovetailed tenon made in sections.

J. Given name, second wives of two U.S. Presidents.

K. Following Word F, to admit defeat (2 wds.).

L. Belief that all objects are endowed with souls.

M. Playful.

WORDS

192 36 121 114 169 175 135

143 193 87 137 13 190 31 64 41 144 174

1 33

116 54 149 70 65 128 191 45 199

180 159 203 119 27 32 20

172 11 73 115 59 7 85

63 40 99 23 184 86 60

155 134 28 67 106 139 168 146 46

162 50 57 44 187 78

142 204 97 131 37

173 156 165 112 151

15 79 76 93 10 205 61 163

148 3 185 52 111 68 4

194 202 209 109 43 48

DEFINITIONS

N. Lady Clara Vere de Vere was told this is worth more than a coronet (2 wds.).

O. The "demnition" end of Dickens's Mr. Mantalini.

P. Following Word E.

Q. After Word F, to taunt (3 wds.).

R. The Big Bad Wolf started his attack.

S. Improved by moral teaching.

T. Common small finch of the Old World.

U. Habituate.

V. Name by which Hester Lynch Piozzi is very well-known.

W. Anthony Trollope's "second Becky Sharp."

X. In all places; thoroughly.

Y. French chemist, founder of the modern science (1743-94).

Z. Neutral.

Z¹. Fletcher's poem, 1627, believed to have suggested Milton's "Lucifer."

WORDS

147 206 133 182 95 164 5 198 58

49 157 117 90 56 102 71

8 138 107 22 51

39 55 136 160 80 25 150 91 83 12

113 197 158 110 183 77

88 101 127 196 103 178 21

195 200 84 166 2 75

92 82 47 53 188 201 189 24

94 153 14 19 105 132

96 16 167 26 161 74 208

154 207 152 130 81 140 125 29 6 18

100 181 186 118 177 69 170 38 62

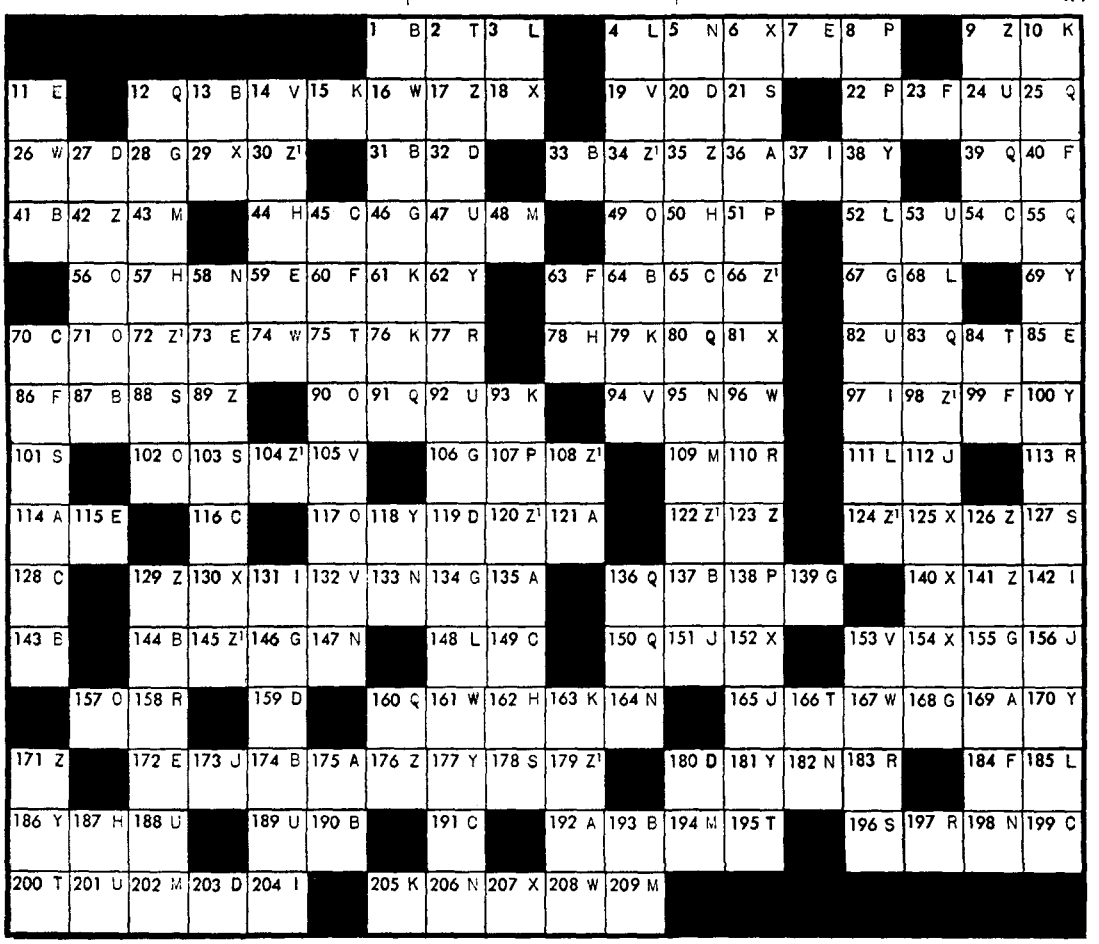
42 123 171 141 129 9 126 89 35 17 176

120 72 98 34 104 108 145 66 122 30 124

179

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 56 of this issue.

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